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—ONE SHILLING—

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Film	LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE.
Books	EDWARD SHEEHY, M.A.

EDITORIAL

OUR insular mind was suffering from the boredom of a daily re-hash of Spain, China and armaments races, when out of the blue came the announcement of negotiations on outstanding matters between England and the Twenty-Six County Government. Since the preliminary talks are now over and the interval between now and the resumed deliberations is being availed of for the examination of details, mainly of trade matters as far as the Irish team are concerned, it would be impolitic, if not disloyal, to create any embarrassment for Mr. de Valera's Government by injudicious comment. Yet certain things must be said and what we shall say might have been said had the negotiations never taken place.

A tendency towards war-mongering has recently been noticeable. Army recruitment, fire brigade organisation, and gas masks are in the air, all the veriest nonsense unless the "ancient enemy" be the source of fear. This apart, there are only three ways in which Ireland can become involved in war : (1) voluntary alliance with England and out-and-out co-operation in her wars ; (2) utilisation of our ports and territory in time of war or strained relations by England, thus subjecting us to legitimate attack, and (3) by virtue of our geographical propinquity. Fortunately for us (at such a time) we lie between England and the Atlantic, not between England and the Continent, this factor minimising a hundredfold our prospects of being made a cockpit. So that if we abstain from the first and reject the second, the chances of bloodshed and a wanton wastage of our depleted and not yet increasing manhood are very remote indeed.

From all this war-mongering there is a danger that our critical faculties will become blunted and that, swept on by a kind of mass hysteria, common in many countries to-day, we might, like the fool, have our eyes on the ends of the earth when our real problems and the just target of our every effort are here within our gates. There is the temptation, too, for harassed statesmen to welcome even a disaster as a timely diversion, so blinding is the effect of a narrow self-interest.

The very fact of negotiation confirms what has long been suspected, that there is no immediate intention to repudiate the Treaty or secede from the Commonwealth. In this, England will feel she has won the first round. A dictator intent on tearing up

Ireland's Versailles Treaty might march into "Ulster," ring up Downing Street, state the extent of penetration effected, announce the secession of the country from the Commonwealth, state that we still had food and many advantages to offer and that we were willing to talk on the basis of the recognition of our complete independence and the instant withdrawal of her troops, and ask what did she propose to do about it. But we are spared the uncertainty of this fanciful flight by the fact that the head of our Government is not a dictator. We must, therefore, be content to weigh the losses against the gains.

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The negotiations, or rather the preliminary talks, are said mainly to have hinged on Partition, Defence and Trade, and considering at this juncture the inter-relation of this triangle, it would be more than surprising if, as has been suggested in the press, Trade has been concentrated upon to the exclusion of the other two. We prefer to believe that, proceeding from the little to the great, the policy may have been first to establish some degree of accord and understanding on the very bread-and-butter basis of the breakfast-table. Were it thought otherwise that the Irish people would be enthused by a slight or even considerable improvement of their economic condition, by securing a larger slice of the ephemeral rearmaments share-out, then opinion of the character of the Irish people must be placed lower than we in our most carping mood could subscribe to. Bread and circuses will *not* for long amuse or distract our people.

The inter-dependent character of these three problems might be briefly summarised in this way: Ireland is a territorial entity, the outpost of Europe, lying on England's left flank, athwart her path to the Atlantic. The Partition of Ireland was resorted to for the same reason as that of Palestine, Burma or elsewhere, namely, to give qualified recognition of the national aspirations of a majority while, at the same time, so exploiting the minority as to entrust to them the key of the controlling power's interests. But Ireland as a territorial entity is also a strategic whole, and the division that can be maintained—though by ever-present threat of force—in peace-time, would become quite unsustainable under actual war conditions. Hence, by the very essence of defence requirements, once a time of strained relations is admitted to have actually "arrived," partition goes. But an agreed unity of purpose and unity of action is then pre-supposed. Is this the basis of a bargain?

A straw that showed a veering wind was observed in October last, when, abandoning the Dublin and Wicklow hills, the Southern Government's military forces conducted the largest of their manoeuvres on the southern coast, invading sea forces constituting the "enemy." The claim to undertake the country's coastal defence, nebulously awarded in the "Treaty," now fits in with events in the shaping and, as shown by the following extract from the *Statist*, typical of many informed English press utterances, the concession or "privilege" (if we value it as such) is one to be had for the asking. Some press references to the economy that could be effected by handing over the protection of Cork Harbour, for example, to the Irish army, were coolly reminiscent of an unpleasant incident in modern Irish history. We do not think, however, that any bad interpretation should be put on any such eventuality. Obviously if we agree to defend the southern coast or all our coasts, it is our contribution on a very difficult issue to England. Were England not alongside us nobody would want to attack *us*—in this sense we should be defending our shores solely in England's interests, just as our maintenance of Irish lights and navigation marks are to-day purely in English interests, for we have no, or virtually no, mercantile marine of our own to protect. Here is the extract referred to above: "The future of the defence provisions will also require a careful review, but the change in emphasis from naval to aerial strategy since 1922 may well assist to make practicable a modification which will be acceptable to the susceptibilities of the Irish without whittling down Britain's essential safeguards to her seaborne commerce."

●

The importance of trade in the Partition—Defence—Trade triangle cannot be overestimated. As the *London Times* said: "Increased food production should be one of our main lines of defence," and the sentiment has been echoed by the Irish Minister for Agriculture. In fact, the whole thing, to use a vulgarism, is a "push-over." Ireland will unite on the basis of voluntary acceptance of external association with the Commonwealth, she will agree to operate a coastal and internal defence scheme, she will permit England certain supplementary landing and base facilities in wartime, she will not put obstacles in the way of voluntary enlistment in the British military forces, she will export all available oil, scrap iron and other raw materials, she will constitute herself England's first line of defence by stimulating food production, she will discourage all subversive propaganda or activities. Is the price too high?

FOREIGN COMMENTARY

THE war atmosphere has not abated with the new year, and all the Great Powers are in a state of armed neutrality. Russia, England, Italy and France are building more warships, and no alleviation of the tense general situation has been reached, despite the visits abroad of various foreign ministers or their representatives in the endeavour to maintain a balance of power, or to modify that balance in favour of their respective countries.

Individual seekers of stability in world affairs, like Mr. Wickham Steed and M. Van Zeeland, are outlining policies of freedom and peace, but their attempts, too, seem to miss the mark, and prolong uncertainty, because reality is not faced, and no effort, except perhaps by the weakened League of Nations is being made to examine first causes. The Economic Committee of the League Council are, we submit, the only body working on the right lines ; guided by the principle that open markets and a freer trade are the main solution, and their mid-December report on the right to raw materials is the first step towards any kind of freedom and peace.

* * *

It is hoped that their work, despite the many drawbacks suffered by the League, will receive due recognition and encouragement. The report of the Economic Committee concluded that monetary and commercial difficulties regarding payment for raw materials were found to be closely-linked with the main problem of the relaxation of quota and exchange control systems, and should be examined alongside them. It was seen by the Committee that many raw materials had to be processed in the country of origin before exportation and, consequently, entailed the imposition of some compensating export duty, yet this necessity was not being fully recognised by importing countries, some of whom hit at the very raw materials they required by encouraging the uneconomic manufacture of substitutes, and by raising tariffs against the natural product. A lack of system in world exchange, and the monopoly of gold by a few countries are considerable obstructions.

The outcome of such an investigation must include the desirability of founding an entirely new League of Nations, unconcerned with crime and punishment (war and sanctions), no longer partial and political, but economic and all embracing, whose principal duty would be that of a trade referee in a world where every country should have free access to raw materials, and none, or no group could monopolise gold.

Then in a brave new world Spanish mercury and copper, now coveted by conflicting strangers, and the indirect cause of the spilling of Spanish blood, would be a blessing and not a curse. Japan would have no cause to "civilise" China for the sake of iron ore, nor would Germany or Italy dream of empires.

* * *

The world shaking events in Europe and the Far East in the last twelve months demand an urgent assessment of values. England, though inclined still to hold on to her old ideals of benevolent despotism, is one of the first countries to wake up to reality, and is no longer obsessed by the time-lag imposed by Italy's initiative.

England has practically everything she wants, and wants to keep it. She has lost much prestige, and valuable trade as well in China and Spain through pursuing an obsolete foreign policy. She has lost many friends into the bargain. She disarmed the greatest fighting force in Europe in 1922, and allowed a disgruntled France to seek doubtful alliances in Poland and Central Europe. At Washington she dropped Japan. In the Mediterranean she fell out with Italy—a very old friend and admirer. Inside the Commonwealth we have found her unsporting, and encouraging partition within our boundary. South Africa, grown more prosperous and independent, and now land-hungry, has fallen out with her, and India, still a victim of disruptive Tory policy, is anxious to cut as many bonds as possible.

On the Continent, her trouble-making partner, France, is now meeting with some of her deserts, and England turns to America. In the United States she hopes to strengthen ties by means of a trade pact, which may be the cause of further dissention within the Commonwealth, unless she drops her old high-handed attitude towards some, at least, of her fellow-members. Her delegates to Washington are due to sail at the beginning of February, and their ultimate aim is, without doubt, the support of the United States in any new foreign policy, and in the event of war.

* * *

England may find the United States a tough nut to crack. The postponement of the settlement of the American War Debt has lowered her credit in that country. The American attitude towards being drawn into another war may be summed up in the words: "Nothing doing. Once bitten, twice shy," and a formidable isolationist opinion, strengthened by recent events in Brazil has to be overcome, before any alliance, apart

from trade, can be effected. The proof of the strength of this isolationist policy may be seen in the curiously calm acceptance of Japanese insults. In other days immediate war would be the answer to maltreatment of U.S. or British nationals by the aggressive Japanese.

* * *

While world policy remains uncontrolled by a strong League of Nations, founded on right principles, it seems the Democracies fight at a disadvantage in peace-time, because they lack central control, and shrink from ruthlessness, and lack of central control, in these days of swift warfare, may spell delay and defeat. England knows this well; but the United States has not yet, somehow, come alive to the fact, though it is being brought home to her daily. With full knowledge, therefore, England will now strive to collect every friend, to pacify every potential enemy, and to influence every neutral, until she finds her feet again. There is no other course. A timely change in foreign policy, for which she has a particular genius, and her prestige, still very effective, will see her through, and help to confirm her as the most stabilising force in Europe.

* * *

In Europe Germany remains the storm centre of war on land. Badly treated at Versailles, she has lost all judgment and now weakly illtreats others in her attempts at self-adjustment. Her outrageous persecution of the Jews is unforgivable. They certainly held more than their fair share in pre-Nazi days, but that is no reason for the condemnation of a whole race. Hitler also foolishly attacks the Christian doctrine, because it cuts across Germany's new paganism, and this brings his country into further disrepute abroad. His Holiness the Pope again strongly condemned the Nazi persecution of the Catholic Church on Christmas Eve.

Germany's two ambitions are the formation of an *Anschluss* or union of all German-speaking peoples, and the restoration of the lost Colonies, or their equivalent. In her first and principal aim she exercises strong propaganda on Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, Hungary, Yugo-Slavia and Poland. She is striving to detach these States from the League of Nations. Her ally, Italy, also exercises influence on Austria and Hungary, who were her partners to the Rome Pact of 1934, and she is striving at the same time to disintegrate the Little Entente—Czecho-Slovakia, Rumania, and Yugo-Slavia.

Rumania, following a turbulent general election, has gone anti-Jew, and finds herself with 800,000 members of that race

within her borders. Her anti-Rome-Berlin tactic coincides with that of Poland and Yugo-Slavia—an attitude of “sitting pretty,” by following what is now known as the policy of “Reinsurance,” which means close relations with France as well as with Germany.

While England is against the development of the *Anschluss*, she is, nevertheless, inclined to concede something to Germany, and though nothing definite has been published, it is taken for granted that she would not object to a separate state of 3,000,000 Germans in a federated Czecho-Slovakia, nor would she be alarmed at some reinstatement of German interests in Africa.

Germany, politically wise, refuses to have these two questions played against each other, states that the Colonies must be treated as an entirely separate matter, and that she can afford to wait six years if necessary for them.

The military strength of Germany is very formidable once more. She can mobilise 120 divisions to-day against France's 55, to which might be added, at most, 5 British divisions, while Italy could be counted on to interfere with the transport of any native reinforcements from French Africa, *via* the Mediterranean.

Russia is an unknown quantity, and seems fully occupied with her own internal affairs, which included a recent general election, so farcical that comment would be wasted.

Therefore, England turns to the New World.

* * *

Italy continues her very provocative anti-British propaganda by press and wireless. The British fleet is scoffed at, and the Foreign Minister (Mr. Eden) is represented as being the tool of Freemasons. The Bari wireless sympathises with the Arabs in Palestine, and accuses the British of committing many outrages. This “Poison” station, as it is now called, broadcasts in 16 languages, and it includes the United States, Portugal, and Czecho-Slovakia in its latest attacks.

* * *

With the exception of Spain, France must be the unhappiest country in Europe to-day, and she is paying dearly in anxiety for her spiteful post-war punishment of Germany. M. Delbos has been very busy visiting foreign capitals in his search for mutual assistance agreements, but has met with little success, and he is now said to be driven to advising Czecho-Slovakia to grant minor concessions to Germany. There has been another cabinet crisis, a very serious strike, and some further discoveries of small arms and ammunition, hidden by the pro-Fascist C.S.A.R.

The Palestine Commission has issued an interim White Paper, which is disliked by Arabs and Jews. The President of the Arab National League has now outlined Arab proposals to serve as a basis for conference. These include clauses limiting the Jewish population to 25 per cent. of that of the Arabs (the Jews are at present about 40 per cent.); a law assuring to the Arabs the retention of land in both plains and hills; acceptance of Jews by other Arab lands, *e.g.*, Syria and Iraq; proportional representation of Jew and Arab; religion divorced from politics; and a British representative to remain in control until the scheme is carried out. It does not sound very demanding, but the Jews, who are seeking increased settlement, will have nothing to do with such a plan. England seems to be under the permanent delusion, as she is here, that she can sell the same article to two people.

Abroad, Siam's pro-Japanese Army is mobilising beyond the French Indo-China frontier, while Mussolini reinforces his African garrisons, and builds roads and other military works in Lybia, between French Morocco and Egypt. In Egypt, the young King Farouk pursues high-handed unconstitutional methods with his own Government, causing further anxiety to France and Britain.

* * *

In the Far East Japan's conduct has caused world indignation. In the last twelve months Russian, British, and American warships have been fired on by military forces, who evidently are entirely uncontrolled by the Japanese Government. Japan apologises each time, and gets away with it. She now disregards the Chinese Government, as, forsooth, it will not reconcile its attitude to her aspirations.

In the field the Japanese armies have met with considerable success. On the northern front the port of Tsingtao in Shantung is now fallen. In the centre, Nanking and Hangchow are also in Japanese hands, and in the south a fleet is riding off Canton, where landings in force may be expected any moment.

The Chinese main forces have, however, avoided decisive defeat by retiring, and are still, more or less, intact, though they have lost important lines and centres of communication and much war material. The Japanese report that they captured only 2,500 Chinese at Nanking, which was taken within thirty days of the fall of Shanghai—a remarkable feat of arms.

The war, however, is not yet won.

JOHN LUCY

FACING THE ISSUES IN IRELAND I GOVERNMENT

By LAURENCE J. ROSS

ABOUT a year ago under the same title, I was permitted to submit in these pages some general views on the real issues that should, and must, be faced in Ireland. I have since been encouraged, and have been rash enough to accept the invitation, to particularise and to amplify my views. I hope, therefore, beginning with this article, to deal separately with Government, Church, and People—and may the Lord preserve my head from the coals of fire that I can already see heaping upon me.

Two sources of confusion must be scattered at the outset. The British Government ruled as one unit the whole of Ireland, with its thirty-two county administrative units, until 1921, the seat of its Government in Ireland being exclusively at Dublin. The physical revolt of the people forced the solution upon England of either losing all or dividing and reconquering. She chose the latter, offering to the larger nationalist portion and to a smaller (largely Unionist, *i.e.*, anti-separatist) portion of the country, separate governments and limited autonomy. This was in 1920. Shown the grimness of the alternatives, the imperialist spokesmen of the north-eastern counties, who had never dreamt of anything but one single whole and undivided Ireland under the Crown and the British Government, agreed to work the new expedient of a small puppet Parliament, which was scornfully rejected by the major portion of the country, then engaged in active warfare in defence of its rights, its integrity and its newly-created institutions of government. The latter portion, which became crystallized as "Southern" Ireland (though including Ireland's northernmost county) or later the so-called "Irish Free State," gradually attained through revolutionary and evolutionary steps to a degree of political

freedom, which so far surpassed that operated at Belfast in the six north-eastern counties, that this portion became the *significant*, one might say the *Irish* Ireland, and, as such, was recognised universally. Hence, generally speaking, "Ireland" to the world became the country recently emancipated by revolution, the country of de Valera, Collins, Griffith, of Joyce, Yeats and Shaw, the emerald isle, the island of sorrows, the island of saints and scholars, the land where the I.R.A. had taken the measure of the Black-and-Tans, and crowned with achievement the seven centuries-old struggle. How far all this is inaccurate, we are only too painfully aware, but the fact remains, that however similar in paper origin or deep-laid design the two Governments may have been, there is only one—and that the Southern Government—which has invested itself with the trappings, internal and external, of a country and a *nation's* parliament. With the Northern Government, the feeling and the conclusion are inescapable that it is a puppet government, a mere Manchukuo, existing on sufferance and invested with such powers only as may be removed or altered to suit the exigencies and whims of its mistress.

I

This preamble has been necessary to show clearly why, "pending national re-integration," the people and land of the "South" must be regarded as the virtual Ireland and the Southern Government, for all its British-imposed and questionable origins, as the Government and spokesman of all Ireland. For the moment, let us adopt a proposal recently put forward in the press, and refer to "national" Ireland when referring to the physical twenty-six counties, which speak spiritually for the thirty-two.

When the present Government of national Ireland assumed power in 1932 their whole complexion and policy was separatist and radical, as opposed to the increasing unionism (in the sense of voluntary participation in the British Commonwealth of Nations) and conservatism of their predecessors. Less than a

year later they were confirmed in power, although their stand on the issue of withholding the Land Annuities from Britain had brought about punitive tariffs on our livestock exports, which yielded a practically equivalent levy. The prospects for the people and the small farmers were not economically bright, yet such quiet enthusiasm and hope for fulfilment of great things possessed them that even the foreshadowed "hair-shirt" policy with the promise of a lower, though more widely-diffused level of living, found Mr. de Valera's power and popularity undiminished.

But then things began to happen, and it would seem that events proved too much for the Government. Many plans, reforms and policies which they had preserved from the old Sinn Fein and revolutionary days were blocked or proved to be impracticable by the permanent civil servants, who preserved intact the British Treasury and Civil Service traditions. The Government might have grappled with this Machine, but that with the assumption of responsibility, they also found themselves the dubiously fortunate beneficiaries of a legacy of (a) an army which had been politically constituted and had formerly defeated the now-Government in the field; (b) a police force, steeped in traditions of British law; (c) a judiciary, not only steeped in British legal practice and theory, but also basically inimical to the whole quasi-separatist *régimes* to which they were gradually being brought to owe fealty. As a crowning weakness, power of life and death, which had been handed to a legally incompetent and extra-legal Military Tribunal, with power to designate as offences acts that contravened the laws neither of God nor man, was not only retained but as a "unifying" gesture, the *personnel* remained unchanged, and its former enemies (who should now have been the Government's friends) were singled out for the heaviest sentences.

At the same time, the Government was subjected to an unscrupulous campaign, on the strength of the "economic war" and the rising unemployment and distress, and a campaign of

physical violence by organised *saboteurs*, hangers-on to the previous *régime*, whose declared objective was the crippling of the Government's revenue by withholding rates and preventing by force official seizures of cattle and other property.

Against such a deadweight of active and potential opposition, the wonder is that the Government did not go further "Right" or shed more of its political idealism than it did. The same inherent weaknesses that brought Ebert and his social-democratic Republic to grief in Germany were all present, presaging nothing but ill for the de Valera Government. But one vital difference in the situation saved Mr. de Valera, where Ebert had to fall. Ebert worked within the strait-jacket of the Versailles treaty and its humiliating restrictions. Those who were to succeed him were for bursting the bonds and creating a resurgent Germany—a policy that found an echo in every German heart, republican or monarchist, whilst the subversive elements (then active) against whom Mr. de Valera had to contend, were pulling against the strong tide of national tradition. His victory over this internal enemy was assured.

II

With such a genesis, and an environment which provided a destructive opposition, ever intent upon the recovery of power regardless of the people's wishes or welfare, the Government fought a rearguard action all along the line. The essence of leadership consisted of going as far as the people were prepared to go. Every proposal, every fragment of legislation had to be sifted and examined in the light of its possible or probable repercussions on succeeding elections. The vision of power held indefinitely became an obsession, not necessarily unworthily for power's sake or self's sake, but in the vague hope that somehow, sometime, conditions would so alter that they would be there at the right time to implement their youthful dreams. But these dreams became more fugitive and illusory and the Government's preoccupations more material. For twelve

months, their efforts had a spiritual tinge, but gradually as they felt conscious themselves of how far they were slipping from their high promise, they clung more and more desperately to the material achievements—the factories, which, in so far as they were the living symbols of the perpetuation of the old and ever-same bourgeois capitalist interpretation of society, were a confession of how little change they had really wrought. (How blame them when their mode of approach was so completely wrong? They ignored the spiritual, immaterial side, and built up on non-essentials). Side by side, the same change of mentality was developing unchecked among the people, a de-spiritualisation rather than sheer demoralisation slowly setting in. Cynicism, opportunism, and go-getting were beginning to replace the enthusiasms and ideals that had made great sacrifices and a strong will to victory possible in the past.

This article is meant to be critical, so whilst not belittling the solid achievement of the Government in the sphere of social services and their even more generous *intentions* in this direction, it must be pointed out that too little serious examination was made of the *social structure* of the state it was desired to establish. Patchwork legislation, responding to the expediency of the hour or the electoral pulse of the area or section of the community affected, did substitute for a planned structure, a planned economy. I go so far as to repudiate absolutely any suggestion that the increase of old age pensions, the provision of free beef and free milk, the introduction of widows' and orphans' pensions, the reduction of working hours, were vote-catching expedients, though, in fact, they undoubtedly were potent in procuring votes. Such and other relief measures I regard as typical of the ameliorative programme that was to be expected from such a body of men. Where they failed was that they allowed their left hand to undo what their right hand and their hearts were set upon achieving.

We have been told we are a democratic state; but if we are, we must always have been so, for no change can be pointed

to that would affect our status or outlook. Lip-service has been paid to majority rule, which has been hailed as a "rule of order," but we would be guilty of self-deception if we associated the meaning of democracy with the power to adjudicate upon issues technically beyond our competency. Where the individualist structure of our bourgeois capitalist state is maintained ; where the many, in order to live, have to band themselves into disruptive organisations to fight the few who control production and apply it not for use but for profit, there democracy is defeated and degraded even though adult suffrage may be an accepted principle.

At the risk of a digression, it should be stressed that democracy does not connote economic equality but rather the diffusion of property and of the right to possess private property. Democracy claims the right to expropriate the privilege of the present individualistic society, wherein the lives, labour, and leisure of the masses are subject to the permissive whims of the oligarchic few. Democracy means nothing if it is not to incorporate (as did its Greek prototype) the Christian political ideal, which is away from the conception of proletarianism, extending rather to every citizen the rights and privileges at present, or until lately, possessed only by the aristocracy. True democracy, in other words, makes of every citizen an aristocrat. And something of this meaning shows itself unmistakably among the less spoiled and more primitive peoples of Western Ireland or agricultural Spain. There is found the same nobility of character, the stateliness of carriage, the fine lack of curiosity, the same unhurried use of God-given leisure, the complete self-sufficiency of the individual, the same independence of every person or agency, saving God alone—in a word, the perfect, aristocratic democrat.

Democracy does not mean the subjection of the economic life of the individual entirely to the State, for that way totalitarianism lies, though, at the same time, extensions of the principles of state socialism are not only inevitable but de-

sirable. State socialism is virtually in practice in these countries to the extent that many public services are completely, or partly, state-controlled, *e.g.*, the Post Office and Electricity supply. The fact that many services, such as transport, are still capitalist-owned is merely an indication that they represent a form of public utility still capable of yielding dividends on investment. The moment their position ceases to be remunerative, a clamour would be set up for nationalisation or state control. This is stated to dispose of the fears of some timid people that state socialism is in some way an infringement of Christian principles. It is not.

The Government has been dilatory in not nationalising services, such as water supply and afforestation, which cannot be adequately dealt with by individuals or even local authorities. Another matter on which timid and righteous people are sometimes encouraged to take the conservative view is in connection with such socio-economic questions as ground rents, community site values, slum-landlordism, idle land, vacant houses, and many others such. Christian doctrine, as embodied in the most frequently quoted Encyclicals and interpreted by the most orthodox (yet socially advanced) of theologians, permits, or can show justification for, land expropriation or compulsory legislation of the most drastic kind, whereby absentees or social non-co-operators entertaining weird notions as to their right to do (or not do) as they like with their *own* property, may be summarily disillusioned by having their *own* property *almost* entirely filched from them by the state. This is permissible within the law of God—looking around at the vast miseries and inequalities, poverty living at the backdoor of plenty, it is hard to resist thinking that it is encompassed in the design of God.

Yet in the face of grave injustice the Government has shown the utmost diffidence in these matters, bowing helplessly as it would seem before the vested interests and turning a blind eye to the numbing squalor that makes one hundred thousand Dubliners live in conditions so indescribable that it is a cruel

irony to expect them to differentiate between one callous Government and another.

Thus the old evils have become entrenched. The more it changes The Government seemed to lose their powers of perception of spiritual values. A few small examples will suffice. In the last five or six years, the old ballads and songs have disappeared from our streets ; it took five years of protest to have insulting, anti-national references removed from school text-books ; no effort was made to make the young generation conscious of the territory in the north severed artificially from us ; emigration has been winked at, lest unemployment figures should grow, though our fate as a nation depends on our retaining our manhood ; our empire of exiles has been neglected, though they could have sponsored our cause powerfully. Perhaps I am harsh and too exacting, considering our internal weakness and dissensions ? But I hope to conclude by showing that, in the last analysis, the running sore of our chaotic disharmony derives from the very condition I seek to eliminate.

III

With the war clouds over England—Spain, Italy, Japan, China, Palestine—the mind of the Irish separatist turns instinctively to the old *dictum* : “England’s difficulty is Ireland’s opportunity”—with the difference this time, that in spite of the “economic war” and perhaps in view of the infectious nature of modern warfare, Ireland is more predisposed in favour of Britain that she has been for a long time. The opportunity is definitely there and with well-played cards, Ireland should be able to extract very much more of her “inalienable” rights than was ever before possible. It is nearly three years ago (29/5/35) since Mr. de Valera made three striking statements, duly hidden in the labyrinths of a long speech. He stated that all through his life he had entertained the paramount desire to bring about a friendly relationship between the Irish and British peoples ; that under no circumstances would he permit the Free State (*sic*) area to be used as a basis of aggression by

a foreign power against England ; and that, thirdly, his Government might be prepared to conclude a defence treaty with England. But he was much too premature. Italy had not then bottled up the British fleet at Alexandria nor had Hong Kong echoed to Japanese gunfire, so England turned the deaf ear to Mr. de Valera's overtures. But now, and better still, six months ago, England will play. It is fundamental that England will concede nothing except for forceful, material reasons. The major issue with us is secession, by which we mean the secession of Ireland as a whole from the British Commonwealth. Ireland as a whole cannot secede, since a portion of it is forcibly held by a British army of occupation, is ruled by a British-created puppet government and is British-subsidised. Hence the question of Unity or Partition shares with Secession the position of major importance, and nationalist Ireland, which embraces national Ireland as well as some six hundred thousand out of the million and a quarter who populate the north-eastern six counties, is divided in opinion mainly as to whether secession should precede or follow upon re-integration.

So completely distasteful is the partition of our country, that the majority, if faced with the alternative of a thirty-two county dominion-republic, as the twenty-six counties might be described, or a twenty-six county absolutely independent republic, would unhesitatingly choose the former, which, at least, leaves the door open for future action, which acceptance of the latter would seal for all time. And the Government seems to be following this line of policy. On this basis, therefore, the undoing of Partition becomes the major issue, the question of secession being relegated to the background of Time. Now England makes a show of maintaining that the unity of Ireland is entirely a domestic matter for settlement between Belfast and Dublin. This should deceive nobody, for the reason that not only was the division the device of England for her own purposes, but it could not be perpetuated one day beyond England's willing that it should. Admittedly, the position is difficult—England does not wholly trust us, nor, if she did,

could she wholly abandon what to her has been the military necessity of guarding her western flank. But our territory is our own by right, and for all the inconvenience or danger to England that our island constitutes, we must insist on the possession of our rights, however amenable we may afterwards be to offering reasonable guarantees of protection or neutrality, or even alliance.

As a fact, England would probably be very much safer, or at any rate, in a very much stronger and less equivocal position were we a friendly, independent all-Ireland republic than a sullen or treacherous thirty-two county dominion. As things are, military punitive action against us is almost unthinkable, no matter what provocation we might give, either by withholding co-operation or food or actually asserting our rights by removing the British garrisons from the ports. The suggestion of internal disintegration of the Commonwealth would be too strong and, moreover, punitive action would bolt and bar the door to any future accord. Something like this must have been in Mr. Frank MacDermot's mind a couple of years ago, when he wrote: "Every objection there might be to the existence of an unfriendly Irish Republic applies equally to the existence of an unfriendly Irish Free State, *and there are additional objections to the latter which do not apply to the former.*" (*Italics mine.*)

There is the further paramount issue of neutrality and defence. As things are, there can be no neutrality. This is universally recognised and the quotation of one authority will suffice: "The Dominions were not legally independent sovereign States, because they had not an independent right of making war. If war were declared by the King on the advice of his Ministers in Downing Street, nothing short of a declaration of independence could achieve the neutrality of the Dominions."—Prof. J. H. Morgan, "Rhodes' Lecture to the Inns of Court," *The Times*, March 16th, 1929. Since our objective is unity first, then independence, we have to barter our neutrality for the present. In other words, the paradox occurs that we,

a nation that never has had a quarrel or enmity with any nation but England, are now to enter into defensive alliances with her against all-comers. Yet so desperate is England's position that some such give and take must, for her protection's sake, be faced. But for such a giving there must be a great deal of taking.

If and when England is convinced by proximate danger that the position must be regularised and consolidated, she will have to offer much—much more than even in her present chastened mood she is prepared to contemplate. The Government must be prepared to nail their flag very high. Nothing England can give and still be England quite satisfies our demands. She must take her feet out of "Ulster." She can in no way disown her active agency in perpetuating the division in our land. This is more important than any show of evacuating the southern ports or presenting us with a few destroyers to patrol our southern coasts. The Treaty evacuation and its parallel in Iraq, where about the same time infantry evacuation gave place to aerodromes at the coast, are still too fresh in our minds for us to be impressed by superficial gestures. Some wish-thinkers, too, feel that by prating of Land Annuities and other such obsolete issues they will lower the standard of our demands to a petty mercenary level. Such tendencies must be resisted.

The present Government, for all its weakness on fundamentals is, nevertheless, the only body in a position to press all our resources and energies into the struggle for the complete restoration of our rights. They have been assured of support from the most surprising quarters if only they will take courage into their hands and press their full demands. They have control at a time of unique strength in the position of this larger dismembered portion of the country. They can even at this late hour consolidate and unify the country to a degree hardly conceivable a year ago. If they stand firm they will earn the people's praise, if they abandon strong positions and tinker with trade trifles they will be utterly discredited.

LAURENCE J. ROSS

THE ESCAPE

He loved the sea ;
He loved the rhythm of oars
Rowing away from a world of self-inflicted pain ;
Old adzed oak
Echoing an anchor chain ;
A tilt from the breeze
That gives to a vessel saucy charm ;
The click of shackles,
The song of a stay ;
Gulls gliding by a pearl dust cloud
On a dreamy day.
Then she took him to her bosom
Where no cosmetic plastered faces wept for him,
But gazing farewell down a foam laced wake,
The eyes of friends,
Shaded by her dreamy blue of distances,
Were dim.
And men with copper masks
That she had moulded into character
Went silently about their tasks
Without displaying sorrow,
Knowing that she'd take them too
And sigh contentedly,
Perhaps to-morrow.

JACK MCQUOID

LIVE HERE

- "Live here away from the people at the point of the sea
in the meeting of the mountains on the curling of the long, slow road ;
when June's geraniums climb with roses the stones will be
a priceless flame and—let the unruly rear mature into a wood."
- "But how can I bide all day seeing only that born quare
Tim to make opinion. What later when the leaves are broken brown—
the sheep are sadly staring on the field's cold flank out there
and the few folk stay blowing on the turf, fewer still steam into town."
- "Worse the winter clatter of the sea threatening on our door
and that fierce yell as it cramps in two and claws, before it tumbles in—
or how defeat the comfortless cries of those gulls, poor
swept things, reminding me hourly of the last boat's siren."
- "Child ! there's a spring"
- "I shall have lost my calendar and not know when the spring
I'll smile about me indiscriminately and if ever stranger
come, he will be warned : 'Ah, God, kindly save the poor mad thing.'"

MAN AND THE MACHINE

By S. J. MURRAY

IDEALLY, the machine is servant of the man, designed to lighten his labour, to make easier that process whereby he wins from nature the necessities of life. This is the first postulate of progress, and superficially it looks foolproof enough. But when we come to examine man as the working-out of this theory tends to make him, there comes a lapse from faith in the coming millennium. The very word progress has a hypnotic sound, powerful in argument, because it implies an advance from good to better, a beneficial upward trend. As Robert Sinclair observes: "Progress is the trump card of the mental *parvenue* of civic life, who finds that we no longer have witch hunts, child sweeps and universal smallpox, and who would not have made the quite unfortunate discovery that these had disappeared if he had not read in a penny educator that they once existed."¹

Before entering into the question of the direct effect of a machine on those who work them, or the effect of the resulting mass production on the social and economic structure of society, it would be well to ask if, under the present capitalist-individualist system, the use of a multiplicity of machines does, indeed, fulfil the promise attributed to it by those devotees of progress. An exhaustive survey is not within the scope of the present article. It can only be suggested here that the facts need examination from this standpoint. Is the burden of labour lighter on the individual worker? Does it take him less time, energy, pre-occupation to provide for himself and his family because of the machine? Cutting out altogether for the moment the question of leisure, is the wear and tear of industrial life less than that in the most primitive community, is it less on the majority?

¹ *Metropolitan Man.*

It seems to us, that, under capitalism the machine age dissipates that undoubted surplus of energy, which it has over the unaided work of human hands, not towards the providing of human necessities. These, indeed, seem harder to come by to-day than in any age. If we have no spectacular famines it is because famine is no longer localised but dissipated and perennial in slums. That surplus energy is directed by a capitalist system towards a multiplicity of ends other than that of human needs. The machine age cultivates the slick perfection of chromium plate, glass, bakelite, and cellulose. The world is filled with gimcrack ornaments and showy facades, with clothes designed to wear out to-morrow. It were as though an Aladdin with a starving wife and children were to provide himself daily by its virtues only with glittering baubles. It is because the energies of the machine age have somehow become the property of the money-makers, of those whose sole object is to make things for sale and, therefore, cater not for the needs of man but for the needs of the man with money. It may be argued, and is, that all occupation is employment, that to create a need is to create work. But opposed to this, it should be remembered that humanity lives by the work of all men, that any portion of human energy spent otherwise than in providing for fundamental human needs is a loss to humanity as a whole, and places an increased burden on each individual in his effort to achieve those necessities.

Apart from these considerations, which here can only be tentatively referred to, there is the direct effect of the machine on the man who operates it. We in Ireland, who are rapidly and somewhat blindly fostering industrial development, should take thought lest we sow more than we are prepared to reap.

American industrial conditions will repay our study more than those of England. Industry in the Colony began in spite of England. Chatham, otherwise friendly to the Americans, declaring "that he would not allow a nail to be made in America without

leave of the British Parliament.”¹ If conditions there are worse than in England, the cause can be traced to the temper, revolutionary and individualist, of the colonists. “The Colonists wanted industrial freedom The British Parliament voted measures to crush this freedom the impatience of legal restraint, which is one of the most obstinate traits of American business, was then a patriotic virtue.”² The American historian, James T. Adams, comments on the latter results of this early attitude towards law and authority. He sees in Americans “a marked tendency to obey only such laws as they chose to obey, and a disregard of law as law.” He finds “that the immigrants are made lawless by America rather than that America is made lawless by them.” An understanding of these factors is necessary if we are to understand the evolution of the American industrial scene. After the Civil War no attempt was made to counteract in industry these lawless tendencies. Instead, in the words of Adams, “the rush to win riches by raping a continent became madder and madder.” In this rush the industrial capitalists outstripped all others.

At first the new State depended largely on imported skill, but in the course of the nineteenth century, aided by qualities of energy, youthful desire for novelty (in things, not in ideas), America incubated the worst evils of capitalist industrialism. A small minority owned the vast bulk of the wealth of the State, and controlled the destinies, but accepted no responsibility for the welfare of the majority. They founded a society spectacular in achievement, but based on a brutality that tends to rival that of the age when the cry: *Ave, Caesar ! morituri te salutant* went up from the arena. This brutality is largely the outcome of legally sanctioned maiming and killing by machines, and tends to become greater by the extended use of lethal weapons during industrial disputes.

As there seems to be in this country a tendency to envy and

¹ Hammond's *Rise of Modern Industry*.

² cf. *American Civilisation*, edited by H. E. Stearns.

a desire to imitate the industrial achievements of America, it might be useful to put before Irishmen a few of the deductions which serious observers have drawn from the American industrial scene. ¹

Mass-production has, no doubt, developed the power of coal and electricity, and "as industrial tools have become increasingly elaborated there has been a noticeable swelling in the number and complexity of the institutional rituals of business." ² Mass-production has not developed the intellectual powers of man, this may be seen from the following figures:—Out of over seven thousand operations performed in one mass-production plant, 43 per cent. demanded but one day's training, 36 per cent. one day to one week, 6 per cent. from one to two weeks, 14 per cent. from one month to one year, and only 1 per cent. above one year. Thus, 85 per cent. required inside two weeks' training. This latest development of industrial technique has two aspects:

"In production it has brought about a marvellous economy of human effort. At the same time, it has created colossal forms of social waste It wastes all things prodigally in the effort to create new and extravagant wants, reserving its most dazzling rewards for him that can make two glittering baubles to sell where only one was sold before. It wastes the living machine in recurring periods of frightful and unnecessary idleness." ³

Modern industry has facilitated the formation of Trusts and Combines.

"The Trust movement is doing what no conspirator or revolutionist could ever do; it is sucking the life out of private property You cannot conduct the great industries and preserve intact the principle of private property." ⁴

In effect the holders of property are being converted into mere holders of securities, this has brought about government without responsibility, which, we are told, is the negation of the

¹ American conditions can be studied in the evidence given before the present Subcommittee of the Committee of Education and Labour, popularly known as La Follette Civil Liberties Committee.

² Andre Gide, in *Afterthoughts on U.S.S.R.*, states: "Before the war the remuneration of the bureaucracy devoured 8.5 per cent. of the national revenues and 10 per cent. in 1927." In general, this exemplifies the growth of ritualism in business.

³ cf. *American Civilisation*.

⁴ cf. Walter Lippmann, *Drift and Mastery*.

ideal of human government. It "is both anti-Christ and anarchy." In this connection we may mention that in the U.S.A. in 1880, 25.6 per cent. of all farms in the country were being operated by tenants ; in 1935, 42 per cent. were so operated.

In a summary, which Ernest Lindley gives in his *The Roosevelt Revolution*, we can glimpse the tragedy behind this extravagant and wasteful system. He tells us :

"In the winter of 1932-33, between thirty and thirty-five million persons in the world's once most prosperous country were dependent on private or public charity for their very existence. Perhaps another forty or fifty per cent. of the population of the country, including most of the farmers and village tradesmen, were barely subsisting by their own efforts. Still other individuals were draining the dregs from their old savings."

Unemployment is one of the most pressing problems of the day, but as long as modern industrial conditions are allowed to prevail, we see little hope for improvement, because of the lowering the old-age line, and of increased invalidism, due to industrial conditions. Robert and Helen Lynd in *Middletown* have given us figures relative to age-groups in industry. In the population of *Middletown*—which is really Muncie, Ind., 26.4 per cent. belong to the age-group, 45-64. In a group of workshops of the modern machine-shop type, 14.5 per cent. of the workers belonged to this age-group, whilst in an old-style shop not of the predominant machine-shop type, 28.8 per cent. of the workers belonged to the same age-group, this figure follows that of the population in general. As to the invalidism, we could not enter here into particulars of the various ways in which this occurs, but a general impression can be obtained from the observations of a writer in *America*, October 2, 1937. He writes :

" But the work itself . . . is it as hard, grinding, monotonous, exhausting, dehumanizing, as some describe it? Watch the men when they file into one of the numerous Detroit-bound street cars leaving Rouge ; in a few minutes half the load is asleep. Note the drawn weary faces, the listless energy-drained movements, the almost total lack of conversation . . . All this talk about extra leisure did not mean much more than a little longer to rest."

Notwithstanding all this, added to the fact that the Board

of Control, in relation to lunacy in London, reports that : "Anxiety about money or employment is one of the most frequent sources of breakdown," we still do not think that unemployment is the greatest evil flowing from the modern industrial system. Unemployment we regard as a physical displacement, which, other things being right, could be adjusted.

It is the rule of man's life that he has to eke out his existence "in the sweat of his face." To make such an existence tolerable, he has his free-will and intellect; if these are allowed to function his free-will enables him to select such tasks as suit his gifts, or environment, his intellect enabling him to cope with the difficulties encountered in his tasks. But it is precisely these Divine gifts that modern industry has nullified, and has thus reduced man to a sub-human level, in other words, to the level of the brute beast. It is from this that all the evil has arisen. The development of mechanised industry has brought about a fundamental difference between the American and European conception of work. In an article on *Education and the Social Problem* in an American University Review, we find the following :—

"In the 'sweat of thy face thou shalt eat bread,' said the Creator, as he drove Adam from the Garden of Eden. "To-day this ancient curse, which must have come with the tilling of the fields, is being lifted. While in the past man has indeed lived by the 'Sweat of his face,' in the age mankind is now entering he *need* (*italics ours*) do so no longer."

Following on this we give a citation from Andre Siegfried's *America Comes of Age* :

"From this perspective we can see that Europe and Asia have certain things in common. Organisation appeals to the American, for he loves teamwork and co-operating with machines. He is perfectly at home wherever it is possible to use machinery. On the other hand, he is quite out of his sphere with solitary work requiring physical energy, patient attention to detail, or artistic ability. The American youth, and even the assimilated foreigner, will not do hard manual work. He considers it beneath him, for instance, to milk cows or plant beet-roots. He wants quick returns and overlooks results that can be obtained only slowly.

He has the greatest contempt, and he does not conceal it, for the humble artisan who concentrates for days and even weeks on one object, which, in the

end, is entirely his own creation. The Americans also despise the peasant, who is for ever bent over a patch of soil, which he cultivates with religious zeal. When working in their factories, their banks, and even as elevator boys, they consider themselves immeasurably superior."

Many in Ireland have high hopes that the revival of the Irish language will mean the redemption of Irish culture. Translating the terms of modern industry into the Irish language will not sanctify the industrial system, on the contrary, the system will go far to destroy the Irish language.

Urbanisation which follows on the heels of modern industry, no matter how you distribute the factories, is, in general, detrimental to the development of a language. Without dealing with the case of the Cinema, we must point out that a characteristic of modern industry is its muteness. J. B. Priestley, in his *English Journey*, states:

"You never seem to see anybody telling anybody else what to do; the places have the dumb secrecy and uncontrolled orderliness of a bee-hive or an ant-hill."

The observer already quoted from *America* noted amongst the workers in the Detroit street cars, "an almost total lack of conversation." This muteness is a cause of intellectual inertia, which, in turn, is a parent of slang.

"Slang is often vivid, but it is too deeply sundered from the older sources of our happiness. It is not set in the spectacle of earth and sky, as the speech of peasants, and it is for the most part trivial, strained and raucous."

James Truslow Adams writes:

"I have often been struck by the different replies one receives from an American and a Frenchman, if you ask them what sort of person so-and-so is? The American will usually find himself helpless and toss off a mere 'good scout,' 'a great guy,' 'a good egg,' whereas the Frenchman, with a moment's reflection, will give you in half-a-dozen sentences a sharply etched sketch of the man's distinctive characteristics, or what he believes to be such, and classify him accurately as to type."

There are no grounds for believing that the spiritual destructiveness of the Industrial Revolution will, in any sense, be different in Ireland from that in other countries; the only point of difference may be the tempo. An American reviewer points out, that:

"It took England three centuries to lose her direction, to sub-ordinate her political genius to the accidents of economics. America, with far greater natural advantages but far less political capacity, has inflicted on herself the same injuries in seventy-five years."

We believe that the tempo of destructiveness in Ireland would be even greater than this, and, in the end, would reduce our country to a mere geographical expression.

What, then is to be done?

When America was faced with the evils of the drink traffic, it sought to rid itself of the problem, through Prohibition; but the evils of Prohibition proved greater than the evils of a licensed drink traffic. We cannot deal with the evils of mechanisation in the terms of prohibition. Man's rights must be restored to him, part of this restoration must be the establishment of complete apprenticeship in all trades, businesses, or vocations in Ireland. Germany is at present seeking to solve the problems by a somewhat similar policy, but Germany is hampered in this direction by military conscription.

The implications of such a scheme we will not outline here, but they are wide and would require courage and determination to carry out. If there is not the requisite courage we should never have proceeded to lay the ghost.

But why should be fear? For, in the words of Crashaw:

"There is no storm but this
Of your own cowardice
That braves you out:
You are the storm that mocks
Yourselves: you are the rocks
Of your own doubt:
Besides this fear of danger there's no danger here,
And he that here fears danger does deserve his fear."

S. J. MURRAY

DEMOCRACY AT BAY

By CECIL FFRENCH SALKELD

"By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down,
yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion."—(Psalm cxxxvii).

IN the December number of IRELAND TO-DAY, Garrett O'Driscoll asks a question which many people in Ireland must be asking themselves: Is Fascism our fate? A foreigner would undoubtedly answer, yes. For all the superficial symptoms are here, including anti-Semitic propaganda. The Irish people have not yet realised that persecution of the Jews is the first step towards persecution of "Jewish literature" and "cowardly Jewish ideas," as Hitler defines the Holy Scriptures and Christian teaching.

Can it be that the people of Ireland are changed? Can it be that certain principles, principles which kept Ireland alive through centuries of oppression, are "out of date," now that we have attained a measure of freedom? Let us look back a little.

In 1907, Sir Roger Casement, one of our greatest patriots, a practical idealist and a man of world-wide experience, was enthusiastic about a suggestion put forward by Frank Hugh O'Donnell in a pamphlet, that the Irish Parliamentary Party should give eight seats in the House of Commons to Indian leaders, and four to Egyptians, so that these "subject peoples might find a European voice through Ireland."¹ He is fired by the idea of Ireland as "the protagonist of human freedom giving voice to these great Dependencies of Empire" Did Casement "recognise" the "de facto" conquest of India, any more than the "de facto" conquest of Ireland? In May, 1914, we find him writing to the poet, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt:

"I send you a most treasonable pamphlet, called the *Elsewhere Empire*. Read it if you are not shocked, for it is not polite literature, but a crude appeal to Nationality *versus* Imperialism. It is an instance, a poor one, perhaps, of the new Ireland—an Ireland reverting to '48 and '98—when Irishmen preached not freedom for themselves alone, but freedom for all others."²

¹ Maloney: *The Forged Casement Diaries*, p. 133.

² Blunt's *Diaries*, Vol. II, p. 456.

Would Roger Casement, have made an exception in the case of Ethiopia?

"Conquest, my lord, gives no title, and if it exists over the body, it fails over the mind. It can exert no empire over men's reason and judgment . . ." ¹

In case the above should be taken as a criticism of our present Government, let me hasten to add that I am well aware that Mr. de Valera is regarded as only "half-hearted" by people, who if they were in power, would immediately "recognise" British, Spanish, German and Japanese Imperialism, as well as Italian. No, it is not a question of party politics at all. It is a question of whether the national ideals of Ireland are the same as those we professed throughout 700 years of English "de facto" rule. Either Casement was wrong, or we are wrong.

Leaving this point for a moment, let us examine the political cynicism which is so painfully prevalent in Ireland to-day. After the long and bitter struggle for the freedom which we have attained, it might have been expected that the country would heave a sigh of relief and say: Freedom, at last! The very opposite is the case. The words "freedom," "liberty," or "democracy" elicit an equally contemptuous snarl from all sides. This state of affairs produces the ideal atmosphere for the propagation of the two "ideologies": Marxists and Fascists alike point out that there is "no such thing" as democracy, and submit their respective doctrines as "the only real thing." So far, anyway, Fascism has made the most of the opportunity, masquerading in the innocent guise of Defender of the Faith. Shades of Hitler!

Even the impartial Captain Lucy (of whose work I am otherwise a warm admirer) in the January Foreign Commentary, refers to "Fascism, Communism, and 'Imperialism thinly veiled as democracy.'" Are we to infer from this that because England, an Imperial Power, is "on the side of" democracy, that, therefore, no such thing exists? Is it not a fact that there is a very real measure of liberty under this "Imperialism thinly veiled

¹ Speech from the Dock.

as democracy?" Can one not vote Liberal, Conservative, Independent, Labour, Communist, or Fascist? Is it only a delusion that a man may criticise the government, expose abuses, and publish fair comment, without being beheaded or finding himself in a dungeon for life? And, even if all these liberties are only half-measures, is that really a good reason for abolishing them altogether, and plunging ourselves into complete and deliberate slavery?

Denial of democracy is an admission that Christianity has failed. For Christian democracy, such as it is, with all its imperfections and shortcomings, is the sum total of what nineteen hundred years of Christianity have managed to win from a brutal and callous world; a world that has run full circle from the blood-baths of Caligula and Nero, to the blood-baths of their twentieth-century descendants.

The extent to which our political cynicism has gone may best be gauged by the fact that a sincere attempt to maintain the ideals of liberty and democracy through the welter of international intrigue and dishonesty to-day is invariably dismissed as "Bolshevism." This aspect of the Catholic democrat, wilfully misinterpreted for reasons which can only be political, has been perfectly dealt with by Garrett O'Driscoll in the above-mentioned article.

If it is true, as I maintain it is, that words like "liberty" and "democracy" label one in Ireland as either a fool or a knave, something must have changed since Casement's day. Can it be that we are better at fighting for things than using them when we have won? Perhaps it is only that we do not realise that the easiest part of our battle for freedom was against the "foreign foe." The battle to maintain peace, order, and justice under existing conditions is harder by far, and not nearly as spectacular. Peace hath her victories. If we could only realise that the biggest battle is only now commencing—not against England, not against Communism or any foreign power, but against ourselves and all our weaknesses: it is hard

enough for a man ; it would be heroic in a nation. Surely there is danger and difficulty enough in this for any Irish man or woman !

But there's the rub. It is at critical moments like this in a nation's history, that people look everywhere for a solution except in themselves. Forgetting that faults in their system of government are but extensions of faults in themselves (for under democracy we *are* "members of one another"), in moments of despondency they believe that a change of "system" will make everything all right. This is the psychological moment for Fascism.

I say Fascism advisedly. For if we are to conquer our national weaknesses, we must admit them. And one of our weaknesses, which has persisted up to the present day in a type of person who used to be called "shoneen" or "West Briton," is what I shall call the "slave mentality." This is not peculiar to Ireland by any means ; it probably includes about half humanity. But where it predominates, there Fascism follows as the night the day, for Fascism is the ideal of the slave mind. Fascism does everything for you, and only asks one thing from you. It thinks for you, and decides for you ; it tells you what you are to do, what you may eat, what you may read, what you are to believe, whom you may marry, and whom you may not ; it gives you order, security, and efficiency. In return, it asks your liberty. The slave, rightly thinks it a good bargain. The free man would refuse it if health, wealth and prosperity were thrown in. Without liberty how should the soul arise to mastery ? As that "Pilgrim to the Absolute" ¹ so finely puts it :

"Prayer is the work of free men,
Work is the prayer of slaves."

And that passionate cry of Baudelaire : "Moi, je suis capable d'être damné !" There is the naked soul, anguished and awakened in the fullness of its liberty !

Unfortunately, democracy's greatest virtue, liberty, is at the

¹ Leon Bloy.

same time its greatest weakness. For if political liberty is genuine, it extends to those who are plotting against liberty. Thus, while the majority of citizens remain politically indifferent, unaware that the system they live under, and whose rights and privileges they enjoy, is something liable at any moment to be taken from them, a small and energetic minority whose chief and common aim is the abolition of democracy are at liberty to work unhindered, and, indeed, unnoticed.

Paradoxical as it may appear, only those nations enslaved by totalitarianism can appreciate what democracy means. It is only when Fascism has arrived that people suddenly become aware, for the first time, that they can no longer laugh over the leading article in the morning paper if there is a servant in the room. This might seem no great hardship were it not for some of the "Racial" theories: let me quote a distinguished University professor quickly, before I forget him for ever:

"The Nordic mouth is differently formed from southern and Semitic mouths. It is narrow and tends to go forward into a point like the beak of a bird. This enables the Nordic races to emit clear and bell-like sounds, quite impossible to the inferior races, whose snout-like mouths only produce animal grunts"

At this point, being myself a Nordic, I emitted a clear and bell-like sound, and,

"In that book I read no more that day."

Not so funny is the Nazi conception of a "holy picture," widely circulated throughout the "Third Kingdom." The scene is a dark cellar. In the foreground, dressed in a shabby rain-coat, is Hitler, his hands outstretched as if pleading. Actually the pose is taken from a well-known holy picture. The lighting is so arranged as to throw a halo round his head. Round about him are his disciples numbering *Twelve*. Many of these, Roehm for example, have since been "liquidated." Across the bottom of the picture runs one line in Gothic Script:

In the beginning was the Word

Mussolini's patience must be sorely tried by this Nordic colleague. He himself is masterly in his handling of "the religious

problem." His public declaration of "gratitude" to the clergy of Italy for "the splendid assistance they rendered in the Ethiopian war" is only equalled by his "splendid" forgetfulness of the Pope's denunciation of "unjust wars of aggression." It is nicely calculated to give the outside world the impression that the clergy of Italy do his recruiting for him.

What is there in all this vileness that can appeal to the young people of Ireland? When I ask intelligent young Catholics, the answer I usually get is: "Well, just look at what Hitler has made out of Germany. He has turned a struggling, down-trodden country into a World Power in a few years."

I look.

I see a country that only a few years ago was the cultural centre of the world. The poverty that the unjust Treaty of Versailles had laid upon it was met with that quiet dignity that marks a hidden spiritual power. In every rank of life, one met with a comradely kindness that was true nobility. Nowhere was there to be seen either envy at the lot of others, or feelings of hatred and revenge for the defeat they had suffered. If ever a defeated nation raised its head above misfortune it was the German Republic. And never, since the Middle Ages was the country so prolific as then. In science and philosophy, in painting, sculpture, music and literature, in the drama and film, Germany was a hive of industry. She was the home of culture and the haven of the persecuted; a strong Catholic Centre Party held the balance of power.

And now?

Now there is money for butter. But Goering says: "We must choose between butter and guns"—meaning that *he* intends choosing. He has chosen. The German people are poorer than ever. Science, art, literature, and drama are gone. Religion is persecuted, and will be more persecuted still. But the guns have been delivered.

Since when have Irishmen begun to think that guns and

drums and the raucous shouting of tyrants are so much more desirable than the weapons with which Ireland re-conquered Europe nearly fifteen hundred years ago?

It was our superiority with those gentle weapons, the teachings of Christianity, that won us our proudest and most ancient title, and with it that right to liberty for which so many before us in the long centuries were glad to die.

Casement's bones lie in quicklime beside the murderer Crippen. Do the ideas for which he laid down his life with pride lie mouldering with him, or do they survive in us, and with his soul: "go marching on?"

CECIL FRENCH SALKELD

MY HOLLOW-BACKED MARE

She was bay, with black legs and a well-chiselled head;
 Though unentered in Stud Book was honestly bred
 And she carried herself with a mannequin's grace
 And could live when a hill-fox was setting the pace
 But she mightn't fetch much in a sale or a fair
 For she had . . . well, we called her the Hollow-Backed Mare.

Ah ! but look at her head, as a game ear she cocks
 When "Melody's" nose has unkenneled a fox !
 And feel the appeal she transmits through the rein
 When the Pack throw-up showers of spray at the drain.
 But she took it where they did ! . . . with acres to spare !
 The Suez MIGHT baffle this Hollow-Backed Mare.

Where the going was heavy she scarce left the track
 Of her shoes. With a sudden manoeuvre the Pack
 Swung left ; and went racing through water-logged ground.
 A treacherous marsh ! I would have to ride round
 On the upland. I gave her her head . . . and I swear
 One would need corners "banked" for this Hollow-Backed Mare.

When we came to a gate . . . high and held by a chain,
 This handful of mischief displayed her cool brain.
 She didn't soar over, as one might suppose,
 But edged-up . . . and while she poked-over her nose
 I loosened the chain. She's a lovable flair
 For Manners . . . at all times . . . this Hollow-Backed Mare.

The wall of the Deer Park was solid and wide.
 She was summing-it-up as she shortened her stride ;
 With a bound she was up . . . rhythmmed changing of feet . . .
 Slight pause . . . just to feel were you still in the seat ? . . .
 Then down, striding on. And one's cosiest chair
 Lacks comfort compared with this Hollow-Backed Mare.

A bank loomed in front with a wide-looking drain,
 She was up in a flash, changed, dropped into a lane ;
 Her calkins gave gravel a grind when she braced
 Her quarters . . . as bank number two must be faced ;
 She managed it ! cool as a sight-seeing hare.

In-and-outs never worry this Hollow-Backed Mare.

On Aughlions' heather they pulled down their fox
 Within sight of his home at it's towering rocks.
 While I peeled-off his brush there was no one to ask
 Hold my mare. She stood still while I fastened the Mask
 To her saddle ; and then with a stride debonair
 Took home hard-won laurels. Great Hollow-Backed Mare !

I have put a big number of mounts to the test
 And the good-looking sort is not ALWAYS the best.
 His youth may be spent in a plough or a cart . . .
 But, the moment you ride him, he pulls at your heart !
 MINE might not fetch much at a Sale or a Fair
 But I'm not keen on selling MY HOLLOW-BACKED MARE.

UNITED IRISHMEN IN DEMOCRATIC AMERICA

By REINHARD CASSIRER

THE articles of Sheehy and MacDermot have stressed the point that, if Wolfe Tone were depicted as a consistent revolutionary right from the beginning of his political career, it would be doing a bad service to the United Irishmen, to Ireland and to the lessons of history. It is a curious fact that violence in the hands of Irish nationalists and democrats has always been decried as rebellious, whereas the application of the most violent reaction on the part of the constitutional government was regarded as justifiable. This point of view is based on the conception that it lies solely in the hands of the government to determine what are the rights and liberties of the people ; that the people are rebels if they consistently fight for their own conception of rights. The United Irishmen were prepared to struggle within the framework of the Constitution. But soon they found that this Constitution was nothing but a tool in the hands of the English Government and Anglo-Irish aristocracy. They, therefore, regarded as rebels, more or less consciously, not themselves, but their "constitutional" rulers, who did not shrink "legally" to abolish constitutional rights and to resort to violent repression and provocation against the very life and "natural rights" of the Irish nation. The United Irishmen considered themselves to be driven into rebellion, in the same way that the government, on its side, alleged that it was driven to forms of repression by these violent rebels. In a final analysis the question resolves to this eternal dispute : Who is a "rebel ? " he who breaks the law, or he who destroys the very life and liberty of the nation ?

The initial constitutional method was emphasised most definitely by those United Irishmen who lived in the United

States. It is little known that among the Irish-Americans of Philadelphia, New York, and other places in the central States, an influential section of the United Irishmen was active. Irishmen had not played an important rôle in American politics since the war of independence, but they came to the fore again in 1795, a year of dual significance. On the one hand the formation of the Society of United Irishmen in 1791 had given a new impetus to the national struggle in the home-country ; and the new life instilled into the struggle in Ireland gradually found its echo in the United States. Here the groups of Irish emigrants were at that time not sufficiently numerous to take the initiative in directing the shapes of struggle in Ireland herself. But once they saw the old country take up her struggle with renewed vigour, they were ready to combine with their nationals beyond the sea. On the other hand, in 1795, the Government of the United States concluded Jay's commercial treaty with Great Britain. In so doing, it uncovered its distinctly pro-British bias. This was at the momentous time, when Britain and France were engaged in fighting a war that touched the hearts of the people throughout Europe and America, because this was a war not merely between one Great Power and another, but between the established and the new social orders, between Aristocracy and Democracy. The question regarding whether the United States were to side with revolutionary France or aristocratic Britain, became the issue both in its international and internal politics. By signing Jay's Treaty the Government had shown its face : it had made a treaty with the power which only twenty years ago had oppressed the young American nation ; the Government of the first modern republic had betrayed the offspring of its own ideas, the Republic of France. In this way the American democrats, the "republicans" (not to be confused with the modern republican party), who organised a wide movement against the Treaty, argued. It was only natural for Irishmen to come to the head of this campaign of Democracy *versus* Aristocracy. Was not their own country,

in a bitter struggle against Britain, hoping and praying for French assistance? Were not Tone's radical democratic ideas the standard under which Ireland was to win her freedom and independence? Was not the party division between "federalists" and "republicans" in the United States, at the same time a division between rich and poor, between industry and agriculture? Were not the commercial classes of the East standing against the poor of the towns and cities, and the farmers of the South and Back Country? Was it not natural, then, for the impoverished Irish immigrants, for the thousands of Irish labourers in the cities and of pioneer-farmers in the West, to come forward on the side of the republicans?

The leadership of the democratic club of Philadelphia (then capital of the United States) was changed in 1795 when Blair McClenarchan, a prominent Irish Protestant merchant, was elected President. The mood of his supporters can be observed from the following incident: In July, 1795, the republicans held a meeting to protest against the Treaty. In a contemporary account of the proceedings the *United States Gazette* writes: "Now there was present in the yard an Irishman, who, like Priestley, the republicans delighted to honour as a firm friend to the Rights of Man. The business of the meeting being finished, and the people about to disperse, a man well-known to all present (Blair McClenarchan) stood up and moved a welcome to Citizen Archibald Hamilton Rowan. Encouraged by the shouts which followed the mention of that name, the speaker could scarce wait till quiet was restored. Then waving a pamphlet above his head, he cried out: 'What a damned treaty! I make a motion that every good citizen kick this damned treaty to hell!' His advice, as far as possible, was taken."¹ Such was the reception in the United States accorded to Rowan, who was well-known to the democrats of Europe and America through his daring escape when imprisoned as a United Irishman.

In the arduous struggle which led up to the republican victory

¹ *United States Gazette*, August 27, 1795.

of 1800, when Jefferson was elected President of the United States, the Irish were to the fore in all fields of republican politics. Other incidents worthy of mention are (*e.g.*) Thomas McKean's election as Governor of Pennsylvania, which constituted the first blow at the federalist administration of President Adams and his Hamiltonian supporters; McKean was of Scotch-Irish origin, a member of the "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," and had won his election supported by the solid block of Irish and German votes. Also many of the republican papers were edited by Irishmen, particularly the Philadelphia *Aurora*, the most important republican organ, whose editor was William Duane. This able writer, though born in the United States, had received his education in Ireland, had experienced English repression in India and in England, and throughout his life he nourished a truly Irish hatred of Great Britain. And one of the greatest public stirs which shook the administration, was caused by spectacular actions and writings of Mathew Lyon.¹

Irish-Americans have always had a special opportunity of making their influence felt in American politics, because Irish leaders were able to count upon a solid block of votes; there frequently arose opportunities when it became a determining factor whether this block was thrown behind one or the other of the parties; and it has always been the practice of Irishmen to pull strings in order to secure public posts for their fellow-nationals. But in addition to the natural cohesion of a national group like the Irish, this was reinforced from time to time by Irish-American organisations. This was also the case in the time of the French Revolution. In 1797 an American Society of United Irishmen was founded in Philadelphia. It is difficult to measure its size or to establish the nature of its connection with the home country, as it was an illegal organisation. But we can trace many of its activities, and it is easy to realise that such a disciplined organisation soon became the core of the whole republican movement. Nor did Irishmen confine them-

¹ *Vide* the excellent article in *Studies*, March, 1936.

selves to writing articles in the style of fashionable scurrility. In order to counter the federalist Militia, known as the "Macpherson Blues," the republicans organised their own corps, the "Militia Legion of Philadelphia," otherwise called the "Republican Legion." The commander of this "legion" was Col. John Shee, a native of Ireland and a member of the "Society of the Friends of St. Patrick," a social organisation of respectable Irish-Americans. When one considers that the main question to be decided was that of war or peace, and if it were to be war, whether on the side of Britain or France, it will be understood why contemporary politics were a hot business, in which the Irishman's militancy found easy employment. Press attacks upon republicans, and Irishmen in particular, were occasionally rewarded by bodily attacks upon the journalists who wrote these articles, and these punitive measures were usually carried out by Irishmen.

Under these conditions it is not surprising that the Irish emigrants were a thorn in the eyes of the Federalists and the British Legation. William Cobbett, then the most prominent journalist in the United States, who put forward the case of Britain, furiously attacked Irishmen in his *Porcupine's Gazette*: "Shall we blame the British then, shall we call them tyrants and slaves, because they have driven from among them these disorganising reformers, who agreed in nothing but destroying?" "We want no more of your escaping folks," he exclaimed, "we have too many of them already. We keep no gallows here and, consequently, are at a total loss how to dispose of them." And the Government seems to have shared his opinion, for the American Ambassador in London, Rufus King, had the full endorsement of Pickering, the Secretary of State, when he refused to such prominent United Irish leaders as T. A. Emmet, Wm. J. McNeven and William Sampson, who were imprisoned in Fort George, admission to the United States. The question Rufus King asked himself he put into these words: "Does any one believe, will impartial men contend, that these chiefs, many

of them men of talents, and held in high estimation in France, as well as in Ireland, that these directors of a mighty effort to divide an ancient nation, leaving their friends and country by compulsion, not choice, that these men foiled, but not conquered, were likely in the existing situation of the United States and France, to become contented citizens of America?" Answering in the negative, King, therefore, saw the danger that Irishmen "brought to act in concert, and under capable leaders may be." "For already," he said, "a large proportion of the emigrants from Ireland, and especially in our middle States, has upon this occasion arraigned itself upon the side of the malcontents; I ought to except from this remark most of the enlightened and well-educated Irishmen, who reside among us, and with few exceptions I may confine it to the indigent and illiterate, who, entertaining an attachment to freedom, are unable easily to appreciate those salutary restraints, without which it degenerates into anarchy."¹

Anarchists, men bent upon nothing but destruction, this is how Irishmen were regarded by the Federalists in the America of 1798. This takes us back to the initial consideration, namely, that it was essential for Irishmen to show that they were originally quite prepared to confine themselves to the letter of the Constitution and that they were driven to rebellion principally by English repression. This forms the main thesis of a book by John Daly Burk, a United Irishman, who fled to the United States in 1796, there to become editor of republican newspapers, and subsequently to be persecuted under the Alien and Sedition Laws, measures directed chiefly against the Irish-Americans. He wrote a "History of the Late War in Ireland, with an Account of the United Irish Association, from the First Meeting in Belfast to the Landing of the French in Killala," published in Philadelphia in 1799. The book is largely an enumeration of acts of British violence and oppression, and is designed to enhance the esteem of Irishmen in the United States, by explain-

¹ Mems. and Corr. of Rufus King, vols II and V.

ing the real causes of their rising to Americans. A similar motive can be detected in the writings of William Duane. When this agile journalist was accused of membership of the United Irish organisation, *i.e.*, of being a terrorist and a conspirator, he retorted: "If I were inclined to use subterfuge, I might fly to the claim of my American birthright to cut the insinuation short. But I owe to that venerated and oppressed country . . . too much, and to mine honour more, to say, I am not an United Irishman. If, to be ready, at any time that my slender efforts could in the least tend to the emancipation of Ireland from the horrid yoke of Britain, to embark in her cause, and to sacrifice my life as readily as I should for this which gave me birth—then I am as very an United Irishman, as any tyrant could abhor." ¹

Repression forced Irishmen to the conclusion that a really democratic constitution and complete political equality could not be had by peaceful means, in spite of Ireland's nominally democratic constitution. Anglo-Irish aristocracy, fostering the Orange movement, had already resorted to its henceforth traditional method of abolishing the civil rights of the individual if their employment threatened to infringe upon its political monopoly. The development of Wolfe Tone's ideas, changing from Constitutionalism to Revolution, was an embodiment of his awareness of this fact, and confirms his sincere loyalty to what he professed as his aim—a free, democratic Ireland. It was, therefore, left to the Irish in democratic America, to prove conclusively that what the Irish loved was not violence but liberty, but that they had been forced to resort to revolution in the attempt to gain their freedom as a nation.

REINHARD CASSIRER

¹ *Aurora*, May 18, 1799.

PISA BEC OC PARNABUS

Extractum O Bhark I bPragrais le Briain O Nuallain

"Is maith an scél do innisís dúinn ocus scríobtar an scél út lat a Brocáin. Ocus do scríob Brogáin."—Silva Gadelica.

Fanny ancilla Barnapi scripsit i cúicid laigen ar techt urmhóir aeise a fir ocus criot-lám agus mífurtacht na beittóilli fair acht a deagsláinti doiridhisi aige mad deoin don dúilemain ocus fós airged becc oc Barnabos bibendi gratia stad bec annso más cert. Láithe naen do bámarne meisi Barnabas ocus Pangur Bán hi ppallass Groigín Liusáin,* naem Grogáin and ocus ba drái ocus ba fer maith cainnti é oc déanamh seinsceóil rinn iar nól agus iar naibnes-leanna dún issa chell san adupramar co riacht ann inter alios Shem ocus Seán as Dúitchi Seoighe hi Gailimh na ccuan a cúicid connacht Éirenn con iomad aroile fer risaraidter hoi poppolloí oc Grecoip issa Róimh Phedair Pap, in tiomlán cúic catha fichet oc cennacht deagha agus ag comól agus od dul i comairle re chéile—mór in éighemh—ocus bheós oc cur feirgi for Barn. Isé in porter tonnban ár proind, ol barnagus. Maith ol groigín. Ná roinnter ár proind, ar Parnabas. As olc a nabara ol Groigín. Becc ár proinn ocus ár tomaltas, ol barnabs, agus fós na roinnter for cech é. Olc ón, ar Grojáin ocus as inmain leam a nairged. Dorad Barnabas a lám conusfuair innti teann-tipri a gloine gur ibh deagh-deach assin tiproit sun coneber—

Fíor ón, ol Barnapos, acht bheós na roinnter ar proinn. As é in porter mo lemnacht as é no sherc ocus lux mo bethadh as é in alpha bhus ferr lem ocus fós mo omega, asé mo barr ocus mo tón. na roinnter ar proinn for feruip Éirenn.

As a haithle ro bennach sé a corn conar canadh leis na senrunda-sa :

*As ionmhain leam teach graigín binn
cuannacht a corn lem is aibhinn
Mingur gringur Pangur bán
póstar linn in leann mar leannán.*

*Airm a n-ibhter deoch na naem
cell a mbentar cloc na ffraén
Maith in meisce and cen treoir
suairc iat sein-sceoil saemh a senóir.*

*Mingur gringur gin and it
veritas (in vino) adsit,
Meisi ocus Pangur fionn
slighi na fírinde linn as ionmhainn.*

—Tearc ar proinn ar eisium, ná rointer for cech í in ainm in atar pedair. Odi profanum vulgus et arceo.

—Arcivi arcitum ol meisi .i. in fanny adubramar.

—Fíor atá sunn a ben dixit Barn agu marptar latsa fén Shem ; Seán lemsa immo aenar. Maith ol meisi.

Is annsin ro-éirgamarne meisi ocus Parnus bán ocus bheós ro-imiredh linn bás ocus bec-bhethadh for Shem ocus Seán ocus for in coitcintecht co generalta agus sáided linn ar cclaideim tríta for lár ocus do tuit caeca fer le cach nech uainn in adaig sin a teg Grogan binn, conar adlaca int iomlán i Stret Lísén for ecla bolled ocus fós epidemik.

(continued on page 165)

A THREATENED INDUSTRY

By RUPERT STRONG

No Irish industry has made a greater struggle to survive than that which comprises the sea fisheries of this country. To-day this industry is threatened, as so often before, by unfair competition from abroad ; but before dwelling on some of the immediate problems of Irish fishermen let us first consider some of the obstacles that have been overcome in the past, for it will then be seen that the difficulties of to-day are as nothing compared to some of the obstructions of yesterday.

The rich fishing grounds of Ireland were known far and wide even in the sixth century, and it is said that they were the chief attraction to the Danes who invaded and made a settlement in Ireland during this period. From then onwards Irish fishermen had to make the best of endless ups and downs—in which downs predominated.

It is interesting to note that the first tax on foreign fishing was introduced as far back as the reign of Edward IV—to the temporary advantage of Irish fishermen. In the fifteenth century the Irish fisheries were in such a flourishing condition that they were said to be capturing almost the entire fish-trade from London, Yarmouth and Rye. Then the tables were turned again.

Charles 1st of England sold the Dutch the right to use the Irish fisheries for £30,000, and in 1650 the Swedes were granted a similar licence. Holland even went so far as to attempt to purchase the port of Galway, offering as many coins as could be placed side by side over the quays. The transaction would, no doubt, have taken place had not the English King insisted that the coins be placed on edge over the quays instead of side by side. Fortunately for the Irish, Holland then terminated the negotiations.

There followed a period in which steps were taken to prevent the import into Ireland of fish taken by foreigners ; but England soon changed her policy with regard to this country when she set out to develop the fisheries of Newfoundland. She then encouraged fish imports by paying bounties on all cured fish sent from Newfoundland to Ireland !

Perhaps the greatest hardships experienced by Irish fishermen occurred during the administration of the Cromwellian Parliament, when English fishing stations, which were afraid that the Irish might capture their trade with Spain, demanded that steps should be taken to put the Irish fishers out of action.

That their demands were, for the most part, satisfied there can be no doubt for in Prendergast's *Cromwellian Settlement In Ireland*, we see that both the "fishermen and gilliers of the herring were to a great extent exterminated by the transplanting law."

At this time various ordinances were issued, including one that forbade "any Irish to appear out of harbour or fish while English fishermen were so engaged." At the close of the seventeenth century Wexford that had once made up 200,000 barrels of fish was reduced to such a pitch that "there were not two hundred barrels made up in the whole town."

Towards the middle of the eighteenth century the Irish fisheries were once again resuscitated, and the industry made a rapid recovery as the result of a bounty granted by Parliament in the reign of George II. At this time a company in Donegal was able to catch and sell fish worth £135,000 in a single year.

So rapidly did the Irish fisheries develop that when England went to war with America the Legislature of this country was able to vote 10,000 sailors as recruits for the British Fleet. The impressment that followed led to another decline in the Irish fishing industry, which lasted until early in the nineteenth century, when a system of bounties was introduced and a board appointed to further the interests of Irish fishers.

Whatever may be said against the principle of bounties the fact remains that the steps taken at this time were instrumental in raising the industry to a remarkable degree of prosperity. In 1819, the year in which the first bounty was paid, there were only 188 fishermen and twenty-seven vessels engaged in fishing. That year a bounty of £570 was paid. Ten years later a bounty of over £10,000 was paid, and the number of men engaged in the industry had increased to 63,421.

In 1830 the system of bounties was prematurely discontinued, with the result that the Irish fisheries once again suffered a severe decline. Within six years the number of men engaged in fishing had decreased by 10,562.

The Irish fisheries did not again show an upward trend until some time after the revolution in transport facilities. The innovation of steam on land and sea had, as a matter of fact, a greater bearing on fishing than might at first be expected. Steam trawlers capable of holding vast quantities of fish now appeared at sea. On land the distribution of fish was facilitated by the new source of power and, for a time, the country was actually served by special fish trains. Ice factories were established in Dublin.

At this time the Government assisted the Irish fishing fleet by granting loans for the purchase of new boats, and it is said that by the close of the last century the Irish had more fishing boats than all their rivals put together.

In recent years, and in particular during the last few months, there has been another serious decline in the industry. According to reliable statistics there were, in 1926, over 14,000 men in regular and occasional employment in the Irish sea fisheries. By 1935 this number had dwindled to 9,072. A large proportion of the fishing boats is also out of service.

It is not the purpose of this article to dwell on the difficulties of the Irish fisheries as a whole. The figures quoted above speak for themselves. But by drawing attention to the present condition of the Irish trawling industry it is hoped that the plight of the entire industry may be realised.

Trawling has been practised by the fishermen of this island for at least a century. To-day it stands in immediate danger of becoming an industry of the past.

Not many months ago six deep sea trawlers used to leave Dublin regularly to prowl to and fro over the Irish sea in quest of fish. Now five of these vessels are laid up in Dublin while foreign ships dump their fish on the unprotected Irish market.

It was last June that competition from abroad became most acute. The Dutch, having exhausted their quota in England, turned to the Free State, where no restrictions exist with regard to the import of fish. It is estimated that within three months no less than £8,000 was lost to foreigners by Dublin trawlers. No less than £200,000 worth of fish is being imported into the Free State per annum.

Now, for several reasons, this cannot be regarded as fair competition. The Dutchmen are, for example, heavily subsidised by their Government. As a result, their trawlers are among the most up-to-date in the world. They are nearly all equipped with Diesel engines, whereas the Irish boats are run on coal. Thus, the fuel expenses of a Dutch trawler amount to about £50 for a fourteen days' trip, while the Irishman has to pay about £110 for coal during the same period.

Besides throwing Irish fishers out of work, these foreign vessels take away trade that would, in normal circumstances, belong to Dublin. The Dutchmen and Spaniards leave little or no money in this country. They go home for repairs, purchase their fuel in England or on the Continent and buy their stores anywhere but in Ireland. But if the five Irish trawlers, now laid

up, were in service, they would, of course, make all their purchases in the home markets to the great benefit of the trades concerned.

The Irish trawlers are also at a disadvantage in the matter of fishing rights. At certain times of year fish are scarce in the Irish Sea and the Dutch or Spaniards are then at liberty to fish the rich grounds of the Clyde, which are closed to the Irish ships, which are classified as British trawlers. This is but one of the complicated laws of the sea ; but its effect on Ireland is quite plain. While the Irish fishermen have either to make the best of home waters while fish are scarce or are forced to make a long voyage to Northern seas, the foreigner has only to cross over from the Clyde with his catch, which he is free to dump in Dublin for good prices.

Fortunately the question of saving the fish industry has, at last, been raised at a recent meeting of the Dublin County Council, where it was suggested that the Government should provide thirty deep-sea trawlers and gear to enable Irishmen to supply the home market. It remains to be seen if anything will come of the suggestion.

But Government assistance will not meet the present needs of the sea fisheries without a thorough reorganisation of the whole industry. At present the methods of distribution are so poor that a large market remains unexploited. Measures also need to be taken to popularise the consumption of fish. This might easily be done by encouraging people to open shops that serve nothing but "fish and chips." In England such shops constitute one of the mainstays of the English fishing industry, besides supplying the community with a cheap and wholesome form of diet.

The prosperity of the Dutch has often been attributed to the fact that they draw a large part of their subsistence from the sea ; yet, as Blake pointed out seventy years ago, the seaboard of Holland is not nearly half that of Ireland. Here, then, is a means of increasing the nation's food supplies, of adding greatly to the wealth and employment of this island.

Several important reforms are needed, such as holidays with pay for the men who spend the greater part of their lives at sea. Perhaps a quota and a ten per cent. tariff as in England would enable the Irish fishermen to compete with their rivals from abroad. Perhaps the construction of trawlers by the Government would save the industry. These are questions that must be considered without delay if the Irish sea fisheries are to mean anything to the nation.

RUPERT STRONG

MIRANDA LESTRANGE

By EDWARD SHEEHY

At the back of his copy book, underneath the directions for that day's homework, Charlie wrote carefully, Miss Miranda Lestrangle. He looked at the words. Then underneath he wrote more quickly and with studied carelessness, Miranda Lestrangle. He looked furtively round, turning back to a page where a problem in algebra had gone heedlessly into mazes of directionless exploration. Anyway, he had three out, and the bloody old Bullock couldn't say he hadn't tried. There was only one more and he'd better get something down ; no use in saying you tried it in the rough first. He'd want to see it. If the angle of elevation of a point——. He drew the diagram carefully and slowly, not thinking of it, his mind full of a secret warmth that the name Miranda diffused there. Then the pen stopped. God Almighty, he hadn't the money yet. At a pinch he could ask for it. That would mean the hell of a lot of jawing. Cis might give it to him.

His mother talking :

"Come on, Charlie, now. Will I have to tell you ten times more your tea is ready?"

"All right, I'm ready now." But he lingered staring at the diagram.

"Charlie, you've the whole night long to finish them exercises."

"I'm finished now, mum." But he didn't stir.

"Put them books away this minute, Charlie. Don't you see I'm waiting for the rest of the table?"

He put the books away in his bag, and got up with a great simulation of weariness.

"I can't think why you wouldn't go out for a walk while 'tis light," said his mother, "and leave them exercises of yours till after tea."

The terrible injustice of that. If I'm at them late they want to know why I haven't done them early. He felt indignant, but in view of the fact that he must raise sixpence somewhere in the house, he forewent the luxury of airing his grievance.

Cis came in then with Molly Kearney, and Molly was asked to stay for tea. Charlie had a moment of malicious satisfaction at this, because now Johnny would have to wash and change out of his dungarees.

"Hello, kid," said Molly to him, as she sat down.

He gave her a look, half salutation but largely scowl. The

superiority of these beastly women on the strength of a few years. Cis was all right, but this Kearney female ! Hello, kid. God. And now talking of clothes, pale blue satin, flared from the hips, gorgeous stuff, a beautiful piece of stuff. What difference would it make to anyone if that big lump dressed herself in sackcloth ? But sixpence. Would Cis have a spare tanner. He could promise to clean her bike on Saturday and mend every puncture for a month. Ah, Johnny was being pushed upstairs to wash. One good thing. He finished his tea and now there was nothing between him and this necessity. He got up from the table and wandered round the kitchen. From a few yards away he eyed the shelves of the dresser. On the lower shelf was the purse, open. He daren't be caught at that. On the second shelf, a neat pile of coins between the flowered mugs, a few half-crowns underneath, coppers on top. Couldn't get away with a lot of coppers ; make too much clatter. He raised himself on tiptoe. Yes, by jakers, a tanner on top, a small, neat, manageable tanner. If only he could get it without making a row. He shuddered as he realised the consequences of overturning the pile.

He tried to lounge about casually, but felt awkward. He could find no pretext for lounging, or for staying there at all.

What in the name of all that's good and holy are you hanging round the house for ? " Wouldn't she leave him alone ?

"I'm going out soon. Alec Walsh is calling for me ? " This latter was on the spur of the moment, but it would give him an excuse for hanging on for a while.

"Well, while you're waiting go over to Sullivan's for a pan."

She went to the dresser for the money. He shuddered, would she take that tanner. No, she gave him the fourpence ha'penny in copper.

When he came back with the loaf his mother was in the scullery. Cis and Molly Kearney had their heads in a *Weldon's Journal*. The chance now. He heard Johnny on the stairs. He stood on tiptoe by the dresser. Still there. Neatly he lifted it with his finger nail. Pray God she wouldn't come in suddenly. He had it and put it in his waistcoat pocket. He was putting the loaf on the table when his mother came in.

"I'll meet Alec on the way," he said, taking his cap from the corner of a picture of the Holy Family, and slinging it on his head.

"Charlie," said the mother severely, "I told you not to put your cap there. It's disrespectful."

All right, mum," said he, making for the door.

"That fellow pays no more notice to me——"

Good job he got a tanner. Fourpence to go in and twopence over for a packet of woodbines. He went in to Casey's and knocked on the counter. The shop had a clean, dreary, small. Mrs. Casey came out through the glass door.

"Well," she said. She always said, well, like that, with mouth pursed up and disapproving, grey eyes. Looked as though she was going to tell him to get out. What the hell business was it of hers, anyway?

"Packet of woodbines, please."

She threw the packet on the counter.

"Thank you," he said, and went out.

Three-quarters of an hour yet. Time to go round through the park. Too early yet; only run into some of the lads and not be able to shake them off. Didn't want those fellows all night with their ideas of a joke.

In the park twilight was gathered in blue haze between the tree-boles. The branches spread clean and bare against the purple sky; the first star flickered, a point of intense cold. Outside the wall of the park the street-lamps came alight one by one; the windows of the houses reddened, glowing. But the wood was a place apart, a place to think of her, Miranda. Miranda here in this blue dusk, blue-dreamy dusk; blue of the more real than the real. This is where you get poetry, not listening to the Bullock's idioty jokes, where you understand things like the champak odours fail like visions in a dream. If she came down now over the rocks, down between the tree trunks, down out of the blue dusk, into the breathing air under the trees, they would know one another, she would know him on the spot as something apart, different from the crowd she had to sing for at the bazaar every night. She'd see the difference. Here she would. Hello, kid . . . thinking the whole bloody world like themselves.

Carefully he took a woodbine from the packet in his waistcoat pocket. In the breast pocket of his coat he found a match. Carefully he lit the fag, inhaling the rich, pungent smoke deep into his lungs, taking pleasure in the momentary dizziness that overcame him with the first few hales.

If she came now she'd know him; she'd know him by knowing how he felt, by feeling the same. She'd look at him just, just the same; they would stay then together for a long time, together under the trees. After a while he might tell her—no, he wouldn't have to tell her.

The bell in the Dominican Church began to ring. Clang-clang, clang-clang. Quarter to eight. Time to get going.

By ones and twos the people sauntered towards the archway, over which hung a streamer with the words : Morgan's Grand Bazaar, and in smaller letters : Nightly Variety Entertainment. Orange posters stuck on the piers gave a list of the artists : Momo, the Inimitable Mimic ; Shandu Khan, the Miracle Wizard of Five Continents ; Binny and Bunny, the Clowning Couple with all the gags. Then, Miranda Lestrangle, the lady with the golden voice.

Hell, Mickey Price and Billy Lehane crossing the road. Keeping a lounging knot of people between him and the lads, he got to the sentry-box arrangement and bought a ticket from a huge, blonde woman, a mass of powdered and dazzling flesh.

Inside the crowd circulated in a kind of fiery dusk, their faces alive with talk and the dancing light of the flares. With a sudden spasm the mechanical organ broke into a waltz and went on wheezing and gulping out its voluptuous melody into the air thick with tobacco smoke, with the smell of sawdust, of sweat and heavy scents, of the oily smoke from the flares.

Around the stage the crowd was packed tightly ; not easy to see. Get up on the platform at the side. An elderly, kindly man offered him a hand.

"Up with you, young man." Charlie took the hand.

"Isn't it grand amusement for the people, now ? " said the old fellow, looking round expansively, genially smiling.

"Yes, sir," said Charlie. Hell, he wants to talk, kind gentleman to little boy.

"I hear they're taking a mint of money out of the town, a mint of money. A hundred pounds a night. Would you think, now, that the fourpences and twopences would mount up like that ? You're a scholar now, young man. All the young men are scholars these days. How many fourpences would it take to make a hundred pounds. Think hard, now."

"Six thousand, sir," said Charlie, diffidently, wanting to get away.

"Look at that, now. Aren't you the clever boyo to do it in your head. Glory to God, that's how fortunes are made."

"My brother is over here, sir," said Charlie, edging away.

"That's right, young man, enjoy yourself while you're young."

The show began ; a heavy pierrot in white with black pompoms singing "Trumpeter, what are you sounding now ? " The people

leant on the words and the sound. Waiting regiments waiting for the call to the fray. Charge at Balaclava for England home and beauty. Miranda waiting for news from the front, from the field, waiting for him. And the last sad trumpet call, sounding over the field that is fought and won and the dead can't hear . . . When would Miranda come? Miranda Lestrangle. But Binny and Bunny came next, and were greeted with rounds of applause.

Binny was a small, fat man in floppy trousers. His tow hair came out through the crown of his hard hat. His face was white and his nose was red. He had only to look at the crowd to make them laugh. Bunny was a man too, dressed up as a woman, with hair screwed back tight and a lace cap. Bunny came out wheeling a pram and Binny tapping her behind with a cane. The crowd laughed and yelled when she stopped the pram in the middle of the stage and pretended to be doing something with the baby. When the roars died down, she said: "Look wot 'e's gone and done, 'Orace," and the crowd roared again. They had a lot of jokes like that, Binny proposing to sing that tender little love song: "Take back your heart I asked for liver?" The people were wild about comics. No sign of Miranda yet. She must be somewhere behind waiting to come on. Must be the daughter . . . of the pierrot man with the pompoms, maybe. Going around from town to town all the year, singing to crowds like this, singing love thee dearest love thee, scenes that are brightest. Same kind of crowd in every town. Same fellows like Joe Sullivan, Frankeen Conway, big fellows, there ever night to look at her. The pierrot man was playing a catchy, jigging tune on the piano, and Binny was singing: "Now twenty years of married life have brought me lots of joys." Bunny simpered with coy, slow shaking of the hips, with coy finger rubbing her under-lip, with ogling side-eye on the clown. I like pickled onions, I like picalilli, pickled cabbage is all right with a little bit of meat on Saturday night.

He hoped the crowd wouldn't keep the comics on all night. Would she sing before the raffle? The raffle took a long time. Shandu Khan might be next. Wonder does she like that kind of life, going around with the show people, with Binny and Bunny and their queer jokes, really terribly vulgar, and the pierrot man, who might be her father, and Shandu Khan the Magician? Coming down Castle Street to-day with his brown face and the piercing eyes, queer, mysterious looking. Hypnotism. They can make a person do what they want, have him in their power.

Binny and Bunny were going. Hand in hand they romped off the stage, the pram rocketing drunkenly behind them. The crowd roared and catcalled. The pierrot man came out again, talking . . . What is he saying? . . . "for your attendance, ladies and gentlemen, in such enthusiastic numbers, and now, ladies and gentlemen, before the first raffle of the evening, allow me to present Miss Miranda Lestrangle, the little lady, whose voice, justly described as golden, has received unstinted praise in the musical world. Miss Lestrangle will sing that time-honoured melody of our great national bard: "Silent, O Moyle." Ladies and gentlemen, Miranda Lestrangle.

She came on to the stage walking gently, confidently. Her dark, young eyes looked calmly on the quietening crowd. The flare lights danced redly on the faces. Upwards plumed the black smoke from the flares. She is lovely and perfect, like night, like the moon at night, making all round her seem tawdry, and mean and meaningless. The pierrot man sat at the piano playing the introduction. To be so near and his heart beat in his throat, hammered dully in his ears. To breathe became difficult. Murmuring mournfully, Lir's lonely daughter tells to the night wind her tale of woes. Daughter of the sea. Out there she belonged in the night, by the sea. Too good for this, for this gaping mob. Suppose she had to make a living; or if the pierrot man was her father. Oh, good to be able to look at her even if she did not know, and know that he would carry her image in his heart always. Cool for a girl up there singing before all those people. Sadly, O Moyle . . . lovely song. She ended and the people clapped like mad. They knew she was good. Good job those fellows know enough to keep their catcalls to themselves. The applause was terrific. They liked her all right. He saw her put her hand to her mouth. She was coughing. Questioningly she looked at the pierrot. He came forward, taking her hand. Her father all right. The people listened. He was saying something about Miss Lestrangle having a slight cold, saving her voice for a projected tour of the great operatic centres, that she would favour them with another song before the conclusion of that night's entertainment. She bowed and went off to the wings.

Two men in overalls brought a table piled with sets of ware, china, vases, clocks and painted statues on to the stage. The pierrot man announced the first grand raffle of the evening. "Ladies and gentlemen, I am making a unique offer. I am giving away a magnificent china tea-set to the holder of the

winning ticket. The second ticket drawn will entitle the lucky lady or gentleman to an eight-day parlour clock. The prizes absolutely must be won. Twopence, the small sum of twopence, ladies and gentlemen, gives each and every purchaser of a ticket an equal chance to win a magnificent prize. Come on, gentlemen; come along, now. Show your sporting instincts. Think of the missus to-night when you present her with a handsome china tea-set."

The mechanical organ started up, filling the air with sweet, robustious sound. The raffle took a long time while the show people walked round among the people selling tickets. The pierrot man kept up a continuous patter from the stage. "Try your luck, ladies and gentlemen. You there, be a sport, now, buy a ticket for the little lady." Soft soap. Then he saw that Miranda was out in the hall, was actually selling tickets. Hurriedly he dropped from the platform, worming his way through the crowd towards her. He had never been really near her. He had to get near her. Maybe she would look at him, maybe smile. A crowd of the boys were buying tickets from her. Big fellows they thought they were. Bloody big, fellows, with their shouting and laughing. Big Frankeen Conway was buying one now, looking down at her with that dirty eye of his. "Mind your eye, Frankeen." "Keep off the grass, Frankeen, there's nails in your boots," some fellows shouting from the back. Frankeen leered knowingly over his shoulder. What a crowd. If they knew how awful they were. They shouldn't have let her sell tickets. Hardly knowing what he was doing he moved towards her. He wanted to touch her, just to brush against her. Perhaps she would know. All around the crowd was talking and laughing. How lovely she was. Her arm brushed his sleeve. She was looking at him, holding out a single green ticket towards him. It filled the whole world. "The last one," she said, looking down into his face. His mouth was open; his eyes frozen. She waved the ticket away towards the men behind him.

"The last one," she was saying, "who'll take my last ticket?" She didn't see him any more. He was only a little boy who hadn't any money.

Frankeen Conway was coming forward and the fellows were shouting and cheering him. "Go on, Frankeen, you're doing fine." "Mind your eye from that fellow, Miss." Why did he buy that packet of woodbines? Just twopence, two miserly pence. His face was hot. He could feel the red, hot blood in

his ears. He couldn't look at her any more. Two bloody pence and he could have bought the last ticket. She looked away immediately. Didn't notice him at all.

The draw was beginning. The crowd was all staring up at the stage. He heard grumbling curses around him as he blundered towards the door. A shawly said: "Why the hell can't you look where you're going?" She prodded him viciously with her elbow. In the street the gaslight chilled after the hot tumult of flares. A cold air blew down the street, lifting to little whorls of dust. Tears sprang to his eyes; he began to run.

EDWARD SHEEHY

LETTER OF THE MONTH

ÉIRE OR IRELAND ?

I WAS born and bred in Ireland, and I have no intention of leaving the country. I have been in it longer than Mr. de Valera ; paternal ancestors of mine lived in it before the ancestors of the vast majority of Americans reached America, and maternal ancestors, I was told when a child, were in Ireland in the days of Brian Boru. I think I may claim to be an Irishman. I am, however, in the eyes of modern patriots, a Planter. It is true that many of those who would thus designate me have Planter blood in their veins ; but some ancestors—not, perhaps, remote ancestors—having allied themselves by marriage with the Majority, the present descendants are more Gaelic than the Gaels themselves.

To be an Irish patriot nowadays it is as necessary to be a Gael as it is for a German patriot to be an Aryan. It is, however, easy to get the necessary qualifications, the word *Gael* being used with as little reference to racial origin as *Anglo-Saxon*. Mr. de Valera is a Gael despite his Spanish paternity, and Mr. Cosgrave, I dare say, is Gaelic despite his name. The Leader of the Labour Party in the Dail has a typically English name, but I am sure that, in moments of political excitement, Mr. Norton is as good a Gael as anyone. A present-day Gael is, in fact, an Irish man or woman whose British sympathies are defective.

From one point of view it seems odd that Irishmen should be eager to claim Gaelic descent, the Gaels having been in historical times people whose failures were more conspicuous than their successes. They are remembered for three achievements : the building of the Round Towers, the production of illuminated manuscripts, and the Christianizing of Northern Britain and parts of the Continent. What else the Gaels were capable of doing, if they had had a chance, we have fewer means of guessing than we have of guessing what the Anglo-Saxons would have done, had they not been conquered by the Normans. We know what the Continental Saxons and other Germans have done. But, in any case, the speculation is idle. We are not concerned with Gaels or Anglo-Saxons, but with Irish people and English. The Gaels began to disappear from the history of Ireland with the coming of the Danes in the ninth century. The Danes entered the country without much difficulty, apparently, and they were never turned out. There can be no doubt of their civilizing work ; they were the founders of our cities. The name of the country,

it is said, is Danish or Norse, as are the names of three of the four provinces. The work of the Danes was not undone by the next invaders, the Normans, nor by the English or the Scots, who settled in the country in later centuries. Excellent material for nation-building was accumulated, and is still in the country. Nation-building began in the second half of the eighteenth century, when the Protestants tacitly refused to enforce the Penal Laws, and when they opened the doors of Trinity College, Dublin, to their Catholic countrymen. The great work was continued by O'Connell and the British Parliament in bringing about the political emancipation of the Majority; and the idealists of the Young Ireland Party were inspired by the thought of Catholics and Protestants working together for the common good. Home Rule, in a generation or two, might have made an Irish nation.

But the times were not ripe for such a solution of the Irish problem. Protestant Ulster would not have Home Rule. Protestant Ulster may have been right; and, reflecting on what the Free State has made of the 1922 Treaty with Great Britain, one is apt to waver in one's faith in national autonomy as the remedy for Irish ills. Ulster feared two things: the Church of Rome and interference with the economic system within which the province had thriven. The Roman Church—to the outsider a despotism as unmistakable as Fascism—is necessarily intolerant; allowing freedom of conscience only where she is too weak to punish heresy, or where, as in Ireland, religious toleration has been so long established that persecution of opponents might rouse her own sons to question the justice of her action or even her authority to act. Under Home Rule, I feel sure, there would have been nothing like religious persecution, but, in three of the four provinces, patronage would, no doubt, have favoured Catholics. This favouritism would, however, have been a kind of wild justice, whose effects might well have been in the long run good rather than evil. If there was one thing that the Catholic Irish needed more than another, it was a good conceit of themselves. Home Rule would have gone far towards giving them that. The country would have been ruled in the early (and formative) years of Home Rule by men who had rid themselves of any sense of inferiority they may have suffered from by proving their worth in the most critical assembly in the world.

One cannot be so sure of the groundlessness of Ulster's other fear. Would a "planned economy," which means in Irish practice the establishment of industries by the State and their protection by means of tariffs, have been as much an object of Home Rule legislators as it is of our three Free State Parties?

One cannot answer the question with any assurance, but it is at least probable that an economic policy devised under the eyes of representatives of all parts of Ireland would have differed considerably, if not fundamentally, from a policy authorised by representatives of twenty-six counties for the purpose of benefiting those counties and, possibly, of injuring—or punishing, as those representatives might say—the remaining six.

Perhaps Ulster ought to have taken the risk. The making (for the first time in history) of an Irish nation, might have been the result. But Ulster rejected Home Rule, and Ireland is now much farther from nationhood than it was at the end of the Victorian period. The parts have been given the honour due to the whole. Ulster has been by no means solely to blame. Whatever may have been Arthur Griffith's aims, the Sinn Féin policy has been a disintegrating force. Spurious Gaels have taken the place of the Irish people, and ludicrous attempts are being made to persuade or compel them to act their part by speaking the language spoken by a few thousand peasants on the Western seaboard. Gaelic has been proclaimed to be the national language, and it has a prominent place in all Government publications—except income tax demands and electioneering appeals. Our street names have been translated into Gaelic, or spelt in Gaelic fashion; in some cases, old Gaelic names have been substituted. But the book-buyer in Dublin still buys his books in Nassau Street, not in Sraid Thobair Phádraig (Patrick's Well Street), and I am pretty sure that the householders of Protestant Row (if there are any) assign the place of their habitation to the heretics rather than to the English, as they would, if they used the official alternative of *Raedh na Sasanach*.

The Irish language revival is a tragi-comedy, of which, in the eyes of a lover of Ireland, the tragic features are the more prominent. A cynic would, no doubt, find plenty of amusement in the elaborate make-believe of the Gaelicisers, and in comparison between their claims and reality. The language reviver would try to persuade him that Gaelic had been the language of most parts of the country, till the wicked British Government killed it in the so-called national schools. Yet, if the sceptic went to Clonmacnoise on the Shannon—Clonmacnoise, the Oxford of ancient Ireland—and examined the eighteenth-century tombstones, of which there are many, he would be a long time searching before he found a Gaelic inscription. Pro-pagandist zeal has blinded the Gaelicisers. English, I believe, has been spoken in every part of the country for centuries; it is, indeed, the only *language* the country has had in historical

times. Its advantages over Gaelic have been immense. In the first place, it is a language, not a congerie of dialects. Secondly, it has a grammar which has lost most of the inflexional lumber of the other European languages ; and it has a vocabulary whose only fault (as everyone except Mr. James Joyce would acknowledge) is an embarrassing richness.

These facts are ignored by Sinn Fein. It has its own nation-building plans, which include the creation of a Gaelic State (*Éire*) co-extensive with Ireland ; a Gaelic State which, however, would be no more Gaelic than England is Anglo-Saxon, and which would be as likely to include a bit of the moon as to include the six north-eastern counties. The Gaelic reasoning is odd. North-eastern Ireland refused Home Rule, and it has ignored the Free State ; yet our Gaelicisers can apparently believe that it will consent to be absorbed in a polity whose most outstanding feature would be independence of Great Britain and the Empire. They can believe that the hard-headed men of the North will leave the strongest union of free nations that the world has ever seen to enter a twopenny-halfpenny State, Republican in name but Fascist in reality, and existing on the sufferance or the mutual fears of powerful neighbours. Sinn Fein may have facts justifying its hopes, but to the rest of us it is plain that Ireland has lost the six counties and that *Eire* will never recover them.

There is little nation-building nowadays in Ireland. We seem to be back at the time when the Ulster Scot made us hesitate to claim Lord Kelvin as an Irishman ; when the West Briton let Professor Tyndall, a Carlow man born and bred, pass for an Englishman ; and when it was possible to claim for Scotland the honour of having produced Sir William Rowan Hamilton, the glory of Dublin University's mathematical school. England claims Macaulay, Gladstone, and Ruskin, though the fathers of the three were Scottish ; but the modern Irish patriot is indifferent to the nationality of men whose families were connected with Ireland for a very much longer period than the families of Macaulay, Gladstone, and Ruskin were connected with England. The modern Irish patriot, I suppose, foresees a Gaelic civilisation so glorious that it will need no Berkeley or Goldsmith or any other scion of Planter stock to enhance its fame.

Ireland, we are often told, is a mother country, and political arrangements that may satisfy Canada, Australia, and other former Colonies, cannot satisfy a mother country. Independence alone can satisfy. But are there not such things as Mothers' Unions ? Scotland is a mother country, if ever a country was

a mother. So is Wales. Wales, moreover, is not only a mother ; she is a mother with a language of her own. Yet Scotland and Wales have found compatible with self-respect a much closer union with England than the union that was supposed to have been brought about by the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1922. Ireland, however—perhaps it would be more accurate to say Eire—rejects with scorn not only the old Parliamentary Union but even such an exiguous union as exists at present. Sovereign independence is Eire's goal.

Suppose the goal reached. What would sovereign independence amount to ? It would certainly fall far short of absolute independence. Eire would be bound to Great Britain economically, and politically would have about as much weight in the world as Great Britain allowed her. For defence she would be wholly indebted to Great Britain, her neighbour taking good care that she contracted no defensive or offensive alliances with other powers. But the supposition of such independence being obtained is absurd ; it presupposes the reunion of Ireland by the coercion or persuasion of Northern Ireland, a reunion which reasoning from probabilities rejects as impossible. Northern Ireland is well aware that her right to keep out of an Irish republic is at least as good as the right of the twenty-six counties to go out of the Empire, and Northern Ireland is prepared to exercise her right.

Dominion status, on the other hand, gives the twenty-six counties as much internal freedom as a Roman Catholic country can hope for ; it gives the country rights of independent negotiation with foreign countries ; and it guarantees it protection from external attack. It is, of course, a compromise. Compromises, with their misty outlines, do not seem to suit the taste of Mr. de Valera, who appears to have inherited a love of hard lines and sharp distinctions foreign to our clime. We are in the misty North, and must accept local conditions. With the Free State's gaining of Dominion status the Free State Minority lost much that it greatly prized, but it keeps something still highly valued—its membership of the British Commonwealth. Sinn Féin has lost sovereign independence, but, on the other hand, it has gained a measure of self-government beyond the dreams of the old Home Rulers and, probably, beyond the hopes of Sinn Féin itself. Loyal acceptance of Commonwealth membership is the surest means of attracting Northern Ireland, and of bringing into existence a united Ireland, a country not of Gaels, of Ulster Scots, or of West Britons, but of Irishmen. There can be no united Eire. God may save Ireland ; Eire is past praying for.

H. R. CHILLINGWORTH

ART

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WHEN the old School of Art was reorganised into the National "College" of Art about eighteen months ago, the hypothetical plum of the scheme was the Professorship of Design. Every school of art boy knows that a large number of Irish artists as well as some thousands of foreigners presented themselves as candidates for the position, but, so far, no appointment has been made. The Professorship of Design was obviously intended to be the keystone of the new edifice, any other changes in the organisation of the School being merely minor adjustments. The minor adjustments have been made, but the fanfare of trumpets which ushered in the National College of Art has proved to be much ado about nothing. Having thoroughly frightened the existing professorial staff with the bogey of unemployment, the scheme has been lost in the labyrinths of some Government Department.

Government Departments deliberate in camera, and one can only guess at their designs. With amazing acumen IRELAND TO-DAY hazarded the guess that the "College," complete with Professorship of Design was to be a factor in industrial development, and that the position was earmarked for a foreigner. As the qualifications of every potential Irish candidate were, or ought to have been, known to those who created the position, no second-sight is needed to see that this astonishing guess was right. Why the whole scheme should have been dropped, as it now appears to have been, offers a more difficult field for speculation. It may be that it is not dropped at all, but that when the tumult of suspicion dies away, Herr von Something will be quietly introduced as the saviour of Irish Art. It may be that those responsible were not quite sure how the activities of the School were to be correlated with industry. It may be that the whole scheme was the vague day-dream of some adolescent Civil Servants or it may be that the Civil Servants have been diverted to some more pressing scheme for our benefit.

Perhaps it is just as well. Second thoughts are best. Any conscious interference with evolution, even aesthetic evolution, is a dangerous experiment, and the histories of Government Departments are strewn with the wrecks of such experiments in the shape of tubercular cattle, black smut on wheat, larch beetles, poultry with the pip, decayed kippered herrings, and other tragedies. The question of Design in Industry has been restored to its position as one of academic interest, and rightly so. It is more important to have serviceable crockery made in Ireland than arty afternoon tea-sets, and however revolting it may be to eat from inharmonious shapes and colours, a judicious application of tariffs can do much to reconcile us with artistic crudity.

The academic interest remains. We share with England and the United States of America the stigma of having no national artistic character, the only difference being that they never had any, while we had ; or perhaps it would be truer to say that both Ireland and America have inherited the English artistic culture which, literature apart, is a very shabby legacy. At the almost certain risk of exciting a burst of cynical laughter, I beg leave to draw attention, in a small but defiant whisper, to the Book of Kells, the Ardagh Chalice,

and a host of other relics. Many persons now do not, in a sense, believe in the Book of Kells. They regard it as a banner waved by fanatical Gaelic Leaguers to the tune of "Our Grand Old Gaelic Culture," inseparable from saffron kilts and the bagpipes. But the "best is the best, though a hundred critics said so" or a million partisans, and the Book of Kells survives as the supreme example of perfection in the art of illumination. It is a miracle of beauty, the pinnacle of this particular kind of artistic achievement. Tributes to it usually take the form of amazement at the intricacy of the ornament and the manual cunning of the artist, and we are gravely told that a magnifying glass is essential to full appreciation. But it is not the intricacy of the interlaced ornament which is most remarkable. It is the design, the absolute fitness of each part of both the script and the illumination to satisfy the space it is required to fill, so that in looking at a whole page, or an initial letter, we feel that nothing could be added or taken away, that not a line or a colour could be altered without loss.

In metal and enamel work a similar standard was reached. The Ardagh Chalice, for example, is really supreme, and, again, in works of this kind, it is not the marvellous craftsmanship which most excites our admiration but the complete design, the harmonious shapes and the happiness of the applied ornament. In other words, it is Design in Industry. These masterpieces were produced by a people who had nothing to learn about applied art, and who have forgotten it all.

Ruskin, very wise after the event, affected to discover in a single head in the Book of Kells evidence that Irish art contained within itself the seed of decay. We might say the same about English music, and be equally wrong. Art in Ireland vanished because its patrons were destroyed. The completeness of its disappearance was proportionate to the thoroughness of the destruction. Not only was all knowledge of technical processes forgotten, but the terminology associated with them disappeared from the language, and a lexicographer would be hard pressed to disinter it. The only arts which survived were poetry and music, and the reason is obvious. Even music, which is still the glory of our race, degenerated after the eighteenth century into the transmission of simple melodies by ear, the native laws of harmony being lost. Bunting, who might have preserved them, considered the harmonies employed by the harpists to be merely barbaric, which to-day seems an almost incredible stupidity on the part of one so enthralled by the melodies. The musical terminology which he did scruple to record is now meaningless.

However trite these reflections may be, they serve to remind us that there has never been any lack of artistic impulse in Ireland. We may, with Ruskin, hold that the springs have dried up. But the race retains much of its ancient vigour, and it is just as reasonable to believe that the spiritual sources of art are still a content of the racial temperament, and that in a more sympathetic social environment, the fountains may begin to flow again.

JOHN DOWLING

MUSIC

BALLET AND IRISH BALLET—III

READERS will agree, I am sure, that it was a merciful thought on the part of Providence to decree that even the meanderings of a musical critic must come to an end, that even a musical critic must ultimately be pinned down by his own "brass tacks." For the further consolation of such readers might I quote a certain poet and ask:

"Oh, what know they of harbours
Who toss not on the sea!"

I have tried to say, and to give reasons for the statement, that Irish folk-dancing as we know it to-day is not expressive and, even if readers disagree with such statement on points of detail, it will be admitted, at least, I think, that this dancing is emotionally negative. Recently, two ballet schools sprang up, each attempting in its own way to supply a ballet vehicle capable of interpreting Irish life and ways—the Ceol Cumann and the Payne ballet schools, and, each of these schools having presented a first show—the Payne school a few months back and the Ceol Cumann some twelve months ago, it is possible to compare the relative qualities of the vehicles employed.

The first question to be solved by these schools was the nature of the vehicle they were to use, and, naturally, the first thing to be examined as to its possibilities was Irish folk-dancing. Was it capable of expansion? Could it be re-orientated to serve emotional demands? And would such orientation, such expansion enhance its quiet dignity or denude it of its grace or its present smooth, technical perfection? It will be admitted that the solving of these questions was a difficult matter. The result of the examination, by the two schools mentioned, was that the Ceol Cumann decided against using the folk-dancing as a basis for its vehicle, holding it was better left on its own plane, and the Payne school decided, as far as possible, to incorporate in a vehicle of its own such steps and movements from Irish folk-dancing as might be found or made suitable to its purpose.

Much of what follows is, naturally, conditioned by the single exhibitions given by these schools. At the same time it must be borne in mind that these shows were but the commencement of what we all hope will be a long line of progress. Experience and the long years will, of course, change and modify much that now seems stable and fixed.

The vehicle chosen by the Payne school is that somewhat loosely defined by the term mid-European ballet. It is more than difficult to express in a few words what this type of ballet really is—as difficult as it would be to say in a few words even for the musically initiated what is meant by, say, a Mozart symphony. Loosely, it could be defined as classical ballet freed from technical shackles and conventions, this freedom conferring upon it powers of emotional interpretation never sought by the old ballet and widening immensely its scope. I like it best myself in its freest form when, say, the hands are not positioned at all, being left, more or less, free when desired to assist in or perhaps point the emotion of the moment.

Personally, for a dance form, for Irish people, I think the choice was a wise one. I think it would be almost impossible to interest us, who are still so near the roots of things, in highly stylized, conventionalized classical ballet. For instance, I am always in revolt against stylized hand position since, for me, such convention deprives the dancer of the invaluable help afforded him by the expressive use of hands and arms. Emotional expressiveness, I think, commences with the eyes and travels down the body in gradually lessening intensity and variety, until it seems to die out in the feet, and I think it would always be looked upon as a weakness in classical ballet (by us people) that, because of certain stylisms and conventions, the range of expressiveness should be limited in any way.

Mid-European ballet has an immensely wide range of expression, and upon this ballet as a foundation the Payne school decided to graft, as I have said, such movements and steps of Irish folk-dancing as suited its purposes.

Thus this school was confronted with two problems. First, the building of this vehicle of theirs—a solely technical problem. It is impossible to say at this juncture what the future of this graft is going to be—it would be foolish to try assess the end of the work from a point of view obtained from and conditioned by a mere two hours' acquaintance with a first performance. But I will be rash enough to hazard a prophecy and say, that with any satisfactory solution of the purely technical problems underlying this welding of Irish folk-dance and European ballet, then will be born a vehicle, magnificently equipped for dealing with all problems of fantasy. This is not saying that such will be satisfactory and adequate only in the realms of fantasy, but that at its best it will be supremely efficient in dealing with things that exist on that plane and this, since the vehicle is essentially a dance vehicle, is essentially *dance* movement.

The second problem being common to both schools, I will deal with further on.

As I have said, the Ceol Cumann school has left Irish dancing untouched, to reign in its own sphere, in its own way. This school felt that the problem to be solved was the expression of Irish ideas through a dance vehicle rather than their expression through an Irish dance vehicle. It was felt, too, that these Irish ideas, so expressed, would in time, condition the vehicle to such an extent that, provided the vehicle was not outlandishly foreign, it would itself become something distinctively Irish. The truth or falsity of this only time can show.

The vehicle chosen by the Ceol Cumann for their work, is that known as "Greek" dancing—that dancing invented and taught by Miss Ruby Ginner. Again, it is almost impossible to say in words what this "Greek" dancing really is. I would say myself, that it is not so much dance movement as a heightened idiomatic presentation of common human movement. Its basis is not dance movement but ordinary every-day methods of human locomotion, the walk, the run, the skip, the leap, etc., these being ever so slightly stylized. The idiom leans definitely towards the spiritual and abstract and its serious quality, for me, anyhow, seems always to be allied more to ritual than to

theatre. The vehicle itself might be said to be negative until, when coloured by the emotional urge of the artist, it becomes a lovely, rather remote thing, the expressive capacity of its extremely difficult simplicity being limited only by the powers of the artists.

I do not seem, in these few words, to have succeeded in comparing the vehicles of these two schools; but readers who saw the shows given will, I think, see what I mean when I say that the vehicles of both these schools are serious things—the Payne vehicle having the seriousness of the theatre and the Ceol Cumann the seriousness of ritual.

For instance, the principal works given at these shows were Miss Payne's production of—*Death of Cuchullain*, and Miss Forrest's *Singer*—an interpretation in "Greek" ballet of Pearse's play of the same name. In the former we had Cuchullain, Laeg, Maeve, the Washer at the Ford and others, all expressing themselves in dance movement—that is, we had, in its best sense, theatre spectacle. In the Ceol Cumann *Singer* we had an almost bare stage with a solitary figure, who may have been Pearse's Singer, but might, too, have been Everyman. In every way the decorative value of movement was subordinated to the expression of the ideas, which were mainly the spiritual and psychological values implied in Pearse's play. Cuchullain expressed in dance movement his gathering urge to face his last fight; the Singer expressed the same idea by standing still until the fight commenced. These are some of the things I have in mind when I say that one vehicle leans towards theatre, the other towards ritual. Either is, of course, better or worse than the other in so far as either "ministers more or less to one's content."

The Ceol Cumann, with its chosen vehicle ready made to hand, had but one problem to solve, the same as the Payne school's second problem—the provision of ballets, dance-dramas and the necessary music. This matter has been discussed by Miss Forrest in an article in the *Columban Annual*.

Having dealt with technical matters she writes: "Outside of Greece the world's most important mythological literature belongs to Ireland—a literature not even yet fully appreciated at its true value in Ireland or elsewhere. Padraic Pearse says: 'Men here (in Ireland) saw certain gracious things more clearly and felt certain mystic things more acutely and heard certain deep music more perfectly than did men in ancient Greece I claim for Irish literature, at its best, these excellences: a clearer than Greek vision, a more generous than Greek humanity, a deeper than Greek spirituality.'

We propose to use this literature as the quarry from which to hew the material for our purposes, that the 'things that are sacred in the books of the people should once again be made holy,' to show to the people the high, austere, lovely things that informed the minds of the great in the generations that are gone; to revivify the old stories and the heroic things that led men to great sacrifice. With such material to draw upon, all the greatest human emotions lie ready to our hands, enshrined in great stories, ready to be moulded for presentation in ballet from the fateful love of Deirdre and the

battle rage of Cuchullain to the long lament of the aged Oisín, to the eternal joy of Angus in Tir na n-Óg. And the people seeing the re-creation of the great thoughts that are their own will surely forget the frets and jars of life and be better for having seen.

For all these efforts we need music, and our hope is that in creating this need some attempt will be made by composers to expand the idiom of Irish folk-music; we look for someone who will do for Irish music what Grieg has done for Norwegian music. To even the untutored ear our Irish music is a distinct thing, seeing beauty and graciousness in its own way—a fitting counterpart in its dignity and vitality to the mythological literature. If our efforts in revivifying old heroic dreams be cast in the mould of Irish thought, then, assuredly, if we are to achieve unity, the music we use must come from the same mould, must be permeated by the same thoughts, the same modes of thought . . .

And so in our Ballet we would join together these three ancient, holy things, the great thoughts of men in speech, in physical expression and in music—the thoughts that moved men to heroic endeavour in the days that are gone. And the men of to-day seeing the beauty of such thoughts will not be deaf to their appeal, and they will:

'. . . write those names
Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,
And set them as a banner, that men may know,
To dare the generations, burn and blow
Out on the wind of time, shining and streaming.'"

That excerpt says, I imagine, everything that is to be said about the problem of providing material for these ballet schools.

Reading what I have written, I find that my attempted definition of mid-European ballet is hopelessly inadequate. The printers wait, but even with time at my disposal I am afraid it would have to go "with all its imperfections on its head."

EAMONN Ó GALLCHOBHAIR

THEATRE

SYMPATHY

Bracketed numbers refer to relevant paragraphs in this or other issues.

22. THE CONSCIOUS FACTOR.—I have laboured this empathy business, perhaps unduly, because of the widespread ignoring of this factor in artistic work (as Mr. Kernoff has proved), and also because many effects due to empathy, and, therefore, controllable by the artist only indirectly and negatively, are wrongly attributed to *sympathy*, a factor lying purely in himself and positively and directly under his control. Whereas empathy is a subconscious "feeling into" the thing studied, sympathy is a conscious "feeling with" it; one associates with oneself the actions and feelings depicted and, as a result, "feels for" the object of them. It is in this way that sincere, "felt," art is ennobling, and cynical art vicious, in its effect on the spectator, and it is here that the social responsibility of the artist arises. For the actor especially, in immediate contact with his audience, this emotional tension of sympathy is alike essential and stimulating for his finest work, and it is here that the audience must co-operate with him—as only children do nowadays, bringing with them as they do, both ready sympathy and a logical "will-to-believe" (2). The adult habits of repression, of accepting a newcomer's *bona fides* only after trial, of "good form" in conduct, are all barriers the actor must climb over before he can hope to get his required sympathy. His entrance and opening lines must catch the interest, his later work must hold it and develop it into a sympathetic anticipation of his fate or else of the influence of his "villainy" on the other characters. Out of this comes that thrill of expectancy that makes for *drama*, as well as that ebb and flow of sympathetic interest that makes for *life* on the stage.

23. CHILDLIKE TOLERANCE.—Sympathy is a matter of deliberate toleration, one's will to help and to suffer being released from the shackles of selfishness and of conventions of conduct, such as religious bigotry, the normal attitude to "fallen women," racial and national insolence, and so on down the sorry list. Thus it is a childlike impulse, a relaxation of the adult watchfulness, required in everyday bitter living but actually harmful in appreciation (because it not merely lessens the result of one's participation, but often warps and vitiates it), a return to unsophistication (cf. 18); recall the natural friendliness of primitive peoples, who are not on the defensive against white aggression nor inherently vicious through debased living, or the child's unsuspecting willingness to play with strange animals. It is a faculty which we moderns are only too rapidly destroying with cynicism, with a concentration on "Number One" out of all proportion to "Number One's" real worth or importance, with a habitual, almost unconscious, regard for the power of others to sway our lives and careers through their control of our salaries, dividends and bank deposits.

24. DEVELOPED THROUGH RIGHT EDUCATION.—It is a quality especially to be developed in our audiences through familiarisation with warm,

sincere artistry, and, above all, through genuine *education*, i.e., schooling of real depth, guided by an ordered realistic philosophy that will provide every citizen with a reserve of knowledge and experience on which to draw (1), as well as a broadening of mind that will permit him to use that reserve unhampered by considerations apparently important, but really trivial. This question I may develop later. For example, take the normal attitude to foreign characters on the stage and the "stageisms" that satisfy the popular taste—the wooden, ramrod-spined Englishman, complete with monocle if of "noble" birth; the frenzied, fussy Frenchman: either an audience refuses to believe in a part which is not to type or if it does, refuses to sympathise, remains withdrawn to a certain extent. Disregard for this fact weakened the part of Maxine in *She Had to Do Something*; this Frenchwoman's arguments as to immorality in art, which is the core of the play, lost most of their effect for the audience, who all knew quite well that as a foreigner, and a Frenchwoman at that (they being the worst), her logic and her morality were alike doubtful; besides, they could fix on her silly affectations and mannerisms to shrug away her real good sense. Only the Insight Right may interfere with the Centre Forward in this country . . . and only the Inside Left or the Outside Right ever will. I have seen similar reactions to foreign films, such as *Kameradschaft* or even *Waltz War* . . . there was this withdrawal of sympathy, a sentimental neutrality, no more. Fundamentally, this attitude is equally due to laziness and selfishness, and there is little hope of really good drama of everyday practical value spreading in this country until our people's minds are raised from their own petty affairs to a genuine vision of the world-order, a real *Weltschauung*. That we have the capacity for this our history proves well enough, but what we urgently need now is sound, well-planned education, through every possible means, to make that capacity a practical working ability, a readiness to "see in the round." Until then O'Casey will be laughed at or denounced, an outlaw in his own country (though not quite in his own city), and T. C. Murray be a lone voice half heard, while such poets as we have will be unheard, unhonoured, unsung. A ferro-concrete cross will warn people from their graves.

(To be continued.)

ABBEY—(Producer, Hugh Hunt; designer, Tanya Moiseiwitsch). Apart from a new George Shiels play, *Neal Maquade*, which seems a development of this writer's *Passing Day* experiment, the only show of importance in the past month has been Seán Ó Faolain's rather farcical comedy, *She Had to Do Something*. The author attempted a controversial play on his favourite anti-censorship theme, satirising the shufflings and rather mean tricks of a Canon to whose town, obviously Cork, his organist's French wife has, in an effort to do something, brought a ballet company. Apart from extremely easy and often witty dialogue, and a definite sense of character which was refreshing, the play was weak, if consistently amusing; one point has been dealt with elsewhere (Sympathy—24), another was that the satiric drive flagged after Act 1; the author failed to drive home the logical conclusions of

this Act in later ones, and evaded completely the issue involved, and so Maxine's battle for freedom at home degenerated into a good-humoured battle of wits for £200 to provide a means of escape for herself and her family from Ireland. The Canon was left victorious, a despot such as many an Irish town has gone in fear of "for its own good." In this, at least, the play was valuable, in that it steadily showed up this factor in Irish life. But what looked like being a fine aggressive *drama* (though to become so would require much courage in its author, in view of the reception his actual, watered down, version got), became in the end a rather futile farce, with no point beyond the interrelations of the characters. It well deserves publication, however, for the sake of some glorious pinpricking of bubbles, in Act I mostly, and of the long scene between the Canon's nephew and the poet, and the invasion of the two parishioners, one of whom "insisted on sufferin'" for the Cause. Dermot Kelly's capping of his lines in this part was masterly; this young player is steadily making a place for himself as a fine comedian. Cyril Cusack's nephew can only be described as superb—it was a monument of oily Southern insincerity, and enriched by many little touches that revealed the player's own working up of the part. Also good were Victor Boyd as the poet, a fine team-mate with a rather weak voice; Liam Redmond as the Canon, who was certainly a man of the world and by no means religious (a stronger voice and a neater wig were badly needed—and one of his dry-ups was so bad that I can only hope it was acute rather than chronic); Cecil Barror's Father Basil, a really charming and mellifluous Franciscan, whose relation to the play was of the slightest—apart from Original Sin; Fred Johnson, whose Petroff dexterously kept out of Sarah Payne's rather restricted way in a few petals of *La Spectre de la Rose*. People just came and went in this play—Anne Clery's perfect jack-in-the-box handling of the cat being an example. Maxine was played by Miss Evelyn Bowen, a guest actress, whose technique and pointing of lines were quite good, but a rather feverish tempo in movement and speech, coupled with almost unchanging expression (due mainly to deeply sunk eyes, constantly in shadow through poor footlighting) gave an impression of colourlessness. But she got full value from her lines—one felt a personal enjoyment in her handling of them. The production was rather jerky in rhythm, while "business" was almost too well done, too obvious—a fault in the players themselves really. The setting had to be as it was (I hope), but the backcloth seemed to suggest a map of the harbour rather than a scene, a point emphasised by heavenward gestures when the harbour was mentioned.

GATE—Here Hilton Edwards and Michael Mac Liammoir have just concluded their season with performances of *The Old Lady Says No!* and of *Berkeley Square*, neither of which I managed to see; both, I understand, were quite well done. *The Drunkard, or the Fallen Saved!!!* at any rate, was very well done, and in many ways was a triumph of showmanship. It takes sheer weight of will to keep an audience under control when it is even sold peanuts to bombard players with, and between this and wisecracks of varying aptness from spectators, the players never quite knew what to expect. They seemed to enjoy it, though, as much as we did, even if we were admonished at times when missiles threatened to interrupt *Daddy's on the Engine* and similar ditties. It was all great fun, and some of the stagey technique employed was deliciously absurd-looking—if not quite so good as *Ten Nights* some years ago. One of the best actors of the lot was the drop curtain—the swish-*creak-smack* of this on the stage was warmly appreciated always. This type of burlesque calls for real skill and sense of misplaced timing and both were well

evident in all the players—it would be unfair to single out anyone especially, except, perhaps, Robert Hennessey for his excellent singing in character with an audience telling him to “Hold it, hold it !” as he warned the sailor to Beware. Incidentally, except for “atmosphere,” the Cummlé’s prologue seemed unnecessary padding of a rather short play.

BOOKS.—STAGE MANAGEMENT FOR THE AMATEUR THEATRE. By W. P. Halstead. (*Harrap*. 265 pp. 10s. 6d.) is an example of the fact that “it takes the Americans” to produce practical and enterprising books as also of the fact that muddle and wasted time need *not* be everpresent in any theatre, even though this is generally so. Good, detailed organisation will settle this problem, and this book is nothing if not detailed—in fact, it is invaluable. Nothing is left out of consideration, and if only as a portable memory it will save many an unfortunate manager, coping with a flock of incompetents all asking : “What do we do now,?” from brain fever. Author and publisher deserve sincere thanks for care and labour amounting to drudgery in producing this book. An example of this is the index to 135 books on stagecraft, completely cross-referenced under 1,200 subjects, each subdivided—so that, Makeup, for instance covers 7 pages alone, page and author of some 5 or 6 books being quoted for each detail.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

PISA BEC OC PARNABUS—*continued from page 138.*

A haithle na dorta-fola sunn tuc Barnajus a cenn i nucht Grocáin ocus tuc a corn illáim ris ocus ibios dig móir eisti ocus bheós ath-dig eile.

—Attá ar proind slán, ol meisi .i. fanny bec.

—Dar lemsa a anam is maith a nabra ol Parn ocus ba ferr lem espa mo fola indass mo porter tonnbán. As é in porter mo coelum ocus mo efrenn as é mo tess agus mo fuacht as é mo séadna ocus mo atairpetair and fós mo cormac beg. As é mo gloine mo peta, as é mo porter mo anamcara.

A foirchion na bbrethra-sa rinnedh leis faeiside fada ocus nír chian mar sun dó conar caill a ciall agus conar cuala ceol ainglidi ocus téda sighi oc aines agus oc aeibhnes inna chenn and fós conarconaic coin allta ac salmgabáil inna fiadnuisi: ut cecinit na feilidechtasa—

*Maith lem menmain ar esba
féachain mo tumbler taeibhuaine
meascadh mion-chaint gidh tesbach
ar fud phorter ionnfhuaire.*

*Gotha ainglidi mar atchluinim
ocus éinberla im ceannsa
Ba tirm é as ba rótirm
cen mo porter in rannsa.*

Dala Quarnapoís, robhaóí-siumh amlaidh a ccoicríoch Groigín coecáoís ar mhís ar febus fwiskis na cilli-si agus ba ferr leis aitreabhadh ann indás in ngach ionadh for talmain ina egmuís. Foirchinn co hairithi inso. Hic finit. Hic !

BRIAN Ó NUALLÁIN

FILM

STORM OVER ASIA

The orient is much with us in the cinema to-day. Mr. Flaherty still ranges the globe if somewhat more aimlessly than before. M.G.M. finds the East nearer home. While the newsreels play dangerously with history and a camera-man's scoop of the Panay bombing sweeps the synthetics aside in the cinema headlines.

It is a sad thing to see a person who contributed so much to the cinema now lined up in the commercial racket producing shoddy pretentious stuff, which will be hailed by the undiscerning as the last thing in documentary. Because Flaherty did go to Alaska and produced *Nanook* and did go to Samoa and produced *Moana*, it does not necessarily follow that if he goes to Timbuctoo a masterpiece will thereby emerge. His *Man of Aran* might have been entitled "Magnificent Obsession." *Elephant Boy* is the sequel. In brief, it might have been made years before *Chang* or *Rango*, and in conception and execution falls far short of these as entertainment and as good film craftsmanship. It is a stunt film insincerely approached as prestige for the Korda organisation. That it has one bright spot is due to the pleasant personality of Sabu. For the rest it is tedious. An elephant can make a very boring companion for an hour in a cinema.

The Good Earth is an extraordinary film and represents a genuine advance in the fare provided for cinema patrons. It has been highly praised and superlatives have been wrung from the most grudging of critics. The unusual performance of two stars of the calibre of Rainer and Muni arouses anticipation which can only be satisfied by the very best in the picture as a whole. On consideration this satisfaction was not forthcoming. I found that all the excellences were grafted on to a structure in the film which took no deep impression of the theme, and it was as if all the elements refused to coalesce in the absence of a central controlling mind. I do not seem to remember that Sidney Franklin ever showed special aptitude for epic stuff of the Pudovkin kind. Pinero's *Trelawney of the Wells* and Barrie's *Quality Street* were the real metier of Mr. Franklin. I do not propose to enumerate the number of fine things which this film presented. They will be obvious to anyone seeing the film. So obvious that they are almost on show as individual items. The theme is a great one, and for once there was a great player waiting to serve it. Luise Rainer as O Lan is the true paradox of all stars. Her characterisation is ruthless, and never has suffering humanity been so sincerely presented in any medium. Her superb artistry is particularly noticeable when in the scene where the mob attacks the "Big House" she manages to subordinate herself to the onrushing mass, and to become identified as one of them, while still an individual centre of interest in the action. The tribute to Miss Rainer must surely be found in the way she has compelled Dublin audiences to respect her performance. The hushed atmosphere was certainly a tribute wrenched from crowds noted

for their tittering at the greater moments of O'Casey and their physical discomfort in the face of tragedy.

Montage I always understood to be the fundamental construction of any film; but nowadays the fact has been revealed that this is a luxury which a gracious producer will not withhold from his clients. *The Good Earth* has much "montage," and these proved the interesting sequences in the film. The rest was the routine job of recording the magnificence of studio achievement—the God the Creator complex of Hollywood. The camerawork of Karl Freund contributed much to the film, and one sequence might be noted—that of the birth of the child with its wind-blown canopy and silver screen of rain drops on the bamboo structure of the house.

Paul Muni was disappointing, and in the end almost abandoned his characterization, looking much younger than either of his sons. The lack of direction was very noticeable in the absence of unified approach in the types and actors. Walter Connolly was the Occidental Stage-Chinese, and was very detached and superior in his funny business. A moving, consistent and just-right performance came from Charley Grapewin as the old father, who moved right up on to Rainer's plane.

The spectacle got out of control and was further emphasised by the episodic nature of the plot. But as a film, while it had plenty of faults, it still has to its credit the education of the film-going public in many things which one hopes to see some day fully acknowledged in the realm of film-making.

An event at home deserving mention is the continued success of Jimmie O'Dea's *Blarney* at the Savoy Cinema. This is a simple film—simple and, therefore, pleasant. Conventional in plot if revolutionary in direction of that plot it manages to combine ingredients that have been tried and tested in the cinema, and have never been found wanting. At times one was startled by unexpected filmic touches which showed that the director was aware of the nature of his medium—the mounting tempo of the music as the drink is lowered at the crossroads dance and the image of a steamroller towards the end of the film, are two such touches.

A weak hero and heroine were not a noticeable hindrance, as the *raison d'être* of the film, Jimmie, did some nice work in holding the audience. To be really effective, however, he will have to be less determined with the camera, and at times, in certain close-ups, the strain was obvious in the adaptation of stage magnification to a more sensitive medium. Practice should eliminate this, and it is to be hoped that Mr. O'Dea will have much scope to develop a new screen character and to advance the cause of Irish Films.

LIAM Ó LAOGHAIRE

CORRESPONDENCE

IRELAND AND CONQUEST

SIR,

For some time past I have waited, and waited in vain, to see whether some of our noted publicists or other highly placed personages in Church or State would make protest in the Press against the recent recognition by the Dáil of the conquest of Abyssinia. That scandalous betrayal of Ireland's honour in the international sphere by the elected leaders of the people, with a few honourable exceptions, has been passed over in a conspiracy of silence which, in its unanimity, is depressingly shameful.

In the sphere of international affairs Ireland is nothing if she be not a moral force. As a material factor in the world's affairs she is next to nothing, and in the realm of world diplomacy she is less than nothing. Only as a moral force of high and unswerving purpose has she counted at all.

In her heroic and persistent struggle for national freedom through the centuries she has personified the cause of justice against injustice between nation and nation, and has been a noble and notable pioneer in propagating the truth that only on a basis of justice will the nations find peace. Her work in this respect was known and appreciated by most nations; and at various international councils her voice carried weight altogether disproportionate to her poor standing as a material force. The spiritual grandeur and simple majesty of her sustained struggle against injustice impressed all peoples and, therefore, when she spoke through her representative they listened as to one who practised what she preached and suffered for the principles she upheld.

She was listened to and trusted as one whose viewpoint on international affairs was not influenced by material considerations, and as one whose voice would never be raised in condonation of an injustice between two peoples, or whose public gesture, whether diplomatic or otherwise, would never give countenance to the spoliation of a people's territories and the infringement of their freedom by another nation.

A notable instance of our country's prestige in this respect was the occasion when her representative, Mr. de Valera, spoke to the assembled nations at Geneva on the rights of small nations and the necessity for international justice, and obtained the sincere tribute of their complete attention and approbation.

Little did those nations dream that the self-same man would lead his Government in the destruction of Ireland's moral worth in international council and the betrayal of her honour before the world.

But the clear-visioned and sincere Terence MacSwiney foresaw the danger and warned against it:

"If Ireland were to win freedom by helping directly or indirectly to crush another people, she would earn the execration she has herself poured out on tyranny for ages."

By the recognition of the brand-new title, "Emperor of Abyssinia," assumed by the King of Italy, the Government of the Irish Free State has given world publicity to Ireland's acceptance of the conquest of Abyssinia, and it is useless to pretend that such recognition does not condone that conquest. The appointment of an ambassador to the Quirinal confirms that condonation.

Mr. de Valera's plea that facts must be faced is only the well-known last ditch defence of any shilly-shallying materialist and opportunist. Murder is a fact but, whether the murder be of a person or of a people, one does not shake hands with the murderer. The latter is, of course, always willing to shake hands and be friends, letting by-gones be by-gones, and will, on occasion,

even appoint an ambassador in the hope of reciprocation with its consequent condonation of the evil done.

Mr. de Valera's further plea that it would be unfriendly not to appoint an ambassador in return shows with startling clarity how obtuse he must have become to what concerns the honour of Ireland among the peoples, and how far he has strayed from the de Valera of not so many years ago—the spiritually fervid patriot and adored leader of the people—who advised us with real wisdom to look within our hearts, simply and clearly, if we would find confirmation of the righteousness of our cause.

The final reason advanced by Mr. de Valera in justification of an action that is an outrage on the honour of the Irish race at home and abroad is the most debased of all. He suggests that Ireland might just as well be one of the first to do what all the nations will eventually do. He pretends to ignore the devastating logic that if an action be morally wrong or dishonourable for a group, such as the League of Nations, it remains equally wrong for individuals of that group when acting independently.

He continues to protest that he is of the same opinion as the Dáil when it condemned some time ago the conquest of Abyssinia, yet he hastens to make friends with the conqueror.

If Mr. de Valera and the Dáil are so ready to make friends with Italy who, after all is said, has only treated the Abyssinians as England not so long ago treated and is treating the Irish, why do they not cry quits and be friends while still in subjection? Why not, also, recognise the conquest of the unfortunate Chinese in Manchuria and elsewhere, and send an ambassador to Japan? Why not, in short, subscribe right away to the policy of national aggrandisement by conquest of other races, and adopt as the national slogan the pagan: "Might is right" and discard that Christian one: "Right is might," which Irish leaders have hitherto so honourably and consistently upheld.

The reason is only too obvious. With such consistency in Government policy we would wake up one morning to read that Mr. de Valera had moved in the Dáil that Ireland express her regret to England for having struggled for centuries against the English conquest, or, at the very least, express her contentment with a state of subservience which she apparently considers quite legitimate in the case of both Abyssinia and Manchuria.

The facts which Mr. de Valera and the Government will have to face now and at election time are that the honour in which Ireland was held by the nations has been smudged, and that the Irish people at home and abroad are jealous of that honour, and when they come to realise what has happened will not easily forgive those who have lessened that honour in the eyes of the world.

Yours faithfully,

R. P. M'COY

Westbrook Hotel,
Dublin, 30th December, '37.

SOCIAL CREDIT

SIR,

Mr. Kennedy, a contributor to IRELAND TO-DAY, has answered a question I asked in a former number. "Can the Irish conceive a corporate philosophy of Society?" was the question. And his answer is: "Yes. The Douglas Scheme."

I regret I must differ. The Douglas scheme, if I understand its central purpose properly, proposes that barren capital should be quickened and be used for the purpose of creating fresh wealth, increasing the purchasing power of the people, and reducing unemployment.

It may do much good if properly directed. But it may also do much harm by increasing large scale industry, enticing more people to cities, by increasing our urban proletariat and, further depopulating the countryside.

The Douglas scheme cannot be a philosophy of Society, since the whole cannot be defined in terms of a part. Political economy is but one of many mansions in the house.

If I am asked to give a definition of a corporate philosophy of Society, I could not do better than quote Edmund Burke:

"Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. *It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection.* As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, *it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are dead, and those who are to be born.* Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primeval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place."

Yours, etc.,

JAMES DEVANE

SWIFT AND IRELAND

A CHARA,

What I wished to see discussed in a book in the Irish language was: The Swift Legend or Swift the Irish Patriot. Mr. Hone doesn't see any difference between that and: Swift: A Great Irishman. Why, Carson was, I suppose, some sort of a great Irishman. He has, however, never been spoken of as an Irish Patriot. Yet surely Mr. Bertram Newman is right when he points out that Swift has more affinity with Carson than with any other Irish leader. One wonders if the English in India will, in time, learn to speak of Sir Michael O'Dwyer as an Indian patriot, and chide the natives for not taking their knowledgeable word for it. There was only one Irish *patria* in Swift's time (or before, or since). And Swift testified to that when he spoke of the non-colonial Irish as the *national* Irish. He knew himself to be alien in spirit to them. He wished to see their *patria* wiped out. He said so, and he spoke truth. And he did not wish to see it replaced by any *patria* that should not be bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of the English *patria*: the colonial self-government he looked for, as did Carson later, has as little to do with the matter as would a Yorkshireman's effort to establish a parliament in the north of England.

If Swift desired the end of Irish nationality, the national Irish equally desired the end of his. One must continue to reiterate, it seems, that the 1,400,000 national Irish, seven-ninths of the population, for all practical purposes, didn't bother themselves either with Swift or his Drapier's Letters. He didn't stand in their consciousness as a noble stag. Nor has he ever done so in Irish consciousness. Even images should have meaning.

"They (the national Irish) wished him (Swift) a God of their Gaelic Olympus

and even imagined that he was secretly of their faith." If I had written these words I should certainly not wish to hear of a book being written, in *any* language, on the Swift Legend, for it might strike me that the bright youth who was at it might have chosen them to put in the very head and front of his daring "outrage" as a panache the most flourishingly ironical he could find.

Do chara,

DANIEL CORKERY

ROINN NA SPOLLSTÚCÁIN

A CHARA,

Ní ceart go mbeadh amhras dá luigead ar doinne ná go bhfuil obair fíor-mait dá dhéanamh agus an mSúm i gcás leabhartha sgoile v'fóillsiúgha. Tá a leitéirí de leabharthaí riachtanach dos na sgoileannair go léir, agus tá an gnó i gcoitinne dá dhéanamh san cáim. Ins gac brainnse léiginn tá leabhartha dá gcur i n-eagar le cruinneas agus le n-éireacht.

Maidir leis an aistriúgha ar leabharthaí Béarla tá mor-úir de neamh-riachtanach agus cuid de'n obair ná fuil le mola. Tá morán úirsgealta Béarla dá gcur i gcló na n-éirí iad an saotar ná an t-airgead a cailtear leo. Tá a lán des na leabharthaí seo léigte ceana féin agus na mic-léiginn agus as an bpobal; agus is beag oíob a léigfidh arís iad, is cuma cad é an teanga i n-a mbeid siad. Má bíonn úirsgeal mait le pagáil i mbéarla is fearr le furmóir na ndaoine é léigean 'sa teanga san ná i nGaeil. Ruo eile, tá cuid des na leabharthaí seo neamh-oireamach do'n nGaeil, i smaointib, agus i meon agus i n-éirim na n-ugóar do cheap iad. B'fearr go mór leabhartha ó teangacha eile a beadh oireamach do'n nGaeil agus do meon agus v'aighe na ndaoine v'aistriúgha.

Is léir ná fuil an Sum as spreagadh agus as ghríosad daoine mar ba ceart cun tabairt fé n-a leitéirí v'obair. Tá áineacht agus breagacht agus saibhreas smaointe i litríocht cuid de tíorthaib na h-Euróipe a beadh ana-oireamach do'n nGaeil, agus is mór an truaigh beir as cailleadhaint aimsire le h-úirsgealtaib Béarla, gur beag an mait do'n nGaeil ná do litríocht na Gaeilge iad, agus an t-ór buide fé n'italaíocht é é cuardach. San amhras tá beagán de'n ór saotruighe dúinn, áit is beag é.

Ar deire tíar, níl don obair is luachmaire ná is tairbige do'n vteangain, agus leis, do meon agus v'aighe na ndaoine, ná bun-tsaothar, bíod sé i n-a próis, nó i n-a filibéacht, nó i n-a dráma. I n-ionad, áineacht, misneach agus fonn do cur ar dhaoineib cun tabairt fé obair de'n tsagas so, is amhlaid atá sgamaill agus duibré dá leatad as an nSum ar dhíograis agus ar dhócas na n-óg-ugóar. Is follus go bhfuil obair luachmair eiteighe as luic an Sum. Is dhóca gur spáráil airgid is mó fé nveár é seo. Is veacair an sgéal do tuigsint ar don tslighe eile. Más easba tuigsiona agus gan iad beir fadó-breathnuigheach a ndóctain fé nveár é is seacht measa ná san an sgéal. I gcás leabhartha Gaeilge v'fóillsiúgha ní ceart go mbeadh airgead mar constaic. Is é luic na h-oibre ba ceart a meas, agus go mór mór le linn aitheoicaint teangan nuair a bíonn an tosnú agus an tosnuigheoir las go minic. As an mbeagán fósanta, b'féidir go bhfáspad corad luachmair.

Tá súil againn go bhféadfar isteach sa sgéal níos fearr, agus i n-ionad síol na litríochta do bhuigh fé cois, go dtabairfar gac cóir do teacht cum bláta agus nirt. Níl don am is mó a beadh an dailleaghe seo ar dhaoineib ná nuair a bíonn litríocht as pás. Ba ceart do luic an Sum maicthnám níos fearr ar an gcúrsa go léir, agus gac bearna do triail cun cabruigh leis an ndream go bhfuil fonn sgríobhnoireachta ortá, agus a cuimneam ná bíonn an maise féin gan a masla ná an díreac gan a cam.

tomás mac sítig

BOOK SECTION

HANS ANDERSEN IN BIOGRAPHY

"My pain is crushing when I suffer, but my joy is indescribable when I am happy," the author of *The Ugly Duckling* and *The Little Mermaid* wrote to one of his friends. It was this passage from suffering to happiness that he was always describing. Hans Christian Andersen was one of the most impressionable of men : for that reason he had far less of an external than an internal life : his biography is in *The Improvisator*, and the stories which we have put into the class of children's stories. And his life was an open book : he himself wrote it and left it open. Still we want to know about him in perspective which he could not supply in his stories nor in his fragmentary biography. The biography which Signe Toksvig gave us three years ago supplies that perspective. Denmark, its places, people and literature, are native to her, and she has the advantage of being long enough away from the country to feel the necessity of interpreting it to outsiders. This biographer is able to place Andersen amongst his own people and to surround him with a living atmosphere.*

What an interesting place it was, the Denmark that Andersen grew up and flourished in ! It was a country passing from the baroque to the modern with, apparently, one slight influence from the enlightenment and the romantic movement. Signe Toksvig describes an episode witnessed by Andersen as a schoolboy :—

"A seventeen-year old girl, whose father objected to her choice of a husband, got the young man and a farm-labourer to murder the father. Now they were all three to have their heads cut off. Hans Christian and his school-mates drove to the neighbouring town in the night, and reached the city gate at dawn, just as the condemned were driving out of it. The girl was very beautiful, but lividly pale ; she was held in the arms of her lover and leaned her head on his breast. He looked ruddy, strong, and healthy. Behind them sat the farm-labourer ; his face was yellow, and his long, black hair strayed down over it. Some people called 'good-bye' to him, and he took off his hat, nodding to each of them. It was a beautiful morning. Three ministers followed the condemned up to the place of execution, where they stood, each by a coffin. All the three joined in signing a hymn. The girl's voice rose pure and high above the others. Hans Christian's feet could scarcely carry him. The three then kissed each other and kissed the ministers ; at last the girl kissed her sweetheart again ; then laid her head on the block. It fell only at the second blow. The two others laid their heads on the same wet block. Hans Andersen had been pushed into the circle around them ; it seemed to him their strange eyes had met his ; he felt transfixed by them, petrified. People brought up a poor epileptic ; it was a superstition that drinking the warm blood was a cure. The remedy had been discussed in Odense once for him, and he shuddered. After the execution the girl's weeping grandmother confined her, but the heads of the men were put on poles. The executioners comforted themselves with

* *The Life of Hans Christian Andersen*. By Signe Toksvig. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Co.

fried eels and gin. . . . Hans Christian got home somehow to his lone little room, but he could not sleep that night. A storm blew, the vines tapped on the window-panes; he kept seeing the pale heads and the strange gaze of the girl. For many months his dreams were haunted."

This, of course, was extraordinary, and the normal social atmosphere of the Denmark of the early nineteenth century is not indicated by it. It is her competence to convey that normal social atmosphere to us that makes Signe Toksvig the right biographer in English of the odd youth who became the most engaging of literary figures.

That atmosphere was very distinctive in the qualities that it had of kindness and friendliness: without these qualities to foster him Hans Christian Andersen could never have become a writer, nor, had he become one, could such stories as he was capable of writing be drawn from him. In conveying to us this distinctively Danish atmosphere the present biographer lets us really understand the career of the author of *The Ugly Duckling*. Kindness to children is the rule in every class of Danish people. Andersen, lacking that element, would have been blighted as a child. Born two months after his parent's marriage, with a mother who already had an illegitimate child by a man other than the one she married. Andersen, in another community would have been neither welcomed nor protected. It speaks volumes for Danish kindness that he could say when he went into Milan Cathedral and noted the effulgence around the roof that such was the light that had shone upon his childhood. His parents were poverty-stricken; his grandfather was insane; his mother was to become an habitual dram-drinker, and his half-sister was to sink into the underworld for a time. But at every turn kindness, friendliness and sensible aid was offered young Andersen. Through such help he was able to make himself a creator—even one who was able to make his weaknesses—his necessity for showing-off, for disclosing his wishes—into true and memorable stories. But such was his instability that the failure of an undistinguished play of his could make him declare: "May my eyes never behold the home that only sees my faults The Danes can be evil, cold, satanic People who suit the wet, green-mouldy islands I am ill—my home has sent me fever from its wet, cold woods, which the Danes stare at and think they love."

Andersen, when he had felt the soft, warm air of Portugal blowing on him, said it was like a bridal kiss, but then added: "I do not know what a bridal kiss is like! I imagine so much, I know so little!" He was all impressionability. The surprising thing is that he did not remain in that state. In spite of an emotional instability he was able to project his experience, to reach detachment about it, and put it into definite and appropriate form—an arduous undertaking. His patrons put him into a dullish boarding-school. What an unsympathetic way of dealing with the future author of *The Little Mermaid*, Andersen's admirers in the later days might exclaim. But the youth, who was made learn Latin grammar and prepare himself for matriculation, had little

resemblance to the creator of the charming stories that we know: he was already an author, but an author of bombastic tragedies and sentimental elegies, and one of the far-sighted things that his admirable friends did for him was to school him, and to repress, for a while, at any rate, his too fluent expression. Hans Christian Andersen might easily have become an overpatronised, inflated litterateur who lived emotionally beyond his means. The sensible Copenhageners did something to deliver him from such a fate.

He had written tragedies, travel-books, volumes of verse, and a romance, *The Improvisator*, before he became aware that a little collection of stories which he had written for children had attracted a large amount of public interest. "Strange to say," he wrote to a friend, "some put those above *The Improvisator*. Others, like yourself, wish I had not written them. What am I to think?" In these stories a man with a child's mind and a child's necessity for telling about himself had discovered a way of being personal and revelatory within a pattern that appealed to him. His weakness for a present audience had helped him too; he had been buttonholing people, forcing them to listen to his compositions; this oral delivery had given him a distinctive idiom; his stories had the words and rhythm of actual speech instead of the stiffness of classical Danish prose. "The first two tales, *The Tinderbox* and *Big Claus and Little Claus*, were entirely and fervently about money; about magic or tricky means of getting enough of it to fling away. While he sat brooding over unpresentable clothes and broken boots, he had wished in despair for grand short-cuts to fairyland, and up from his childhood rose the memory of the magic tinderbox, the profitable cleverness of Little Claus, money by barrel and bushel, never mind anything else."

These tales and the ones that succeeded them have been read in a hundred languages, and it is enlightening to have them described by one who knows the language and the literary tradition they added so much to. "All the seven tales were told in a language new to literature: the spoken language, brief, graphic, not afraid of emphatic repetition." But Signe Toksvig notes that these stories were not the product of mere home-grown genius. Hans Christian Andersen had travelled physically and mentally, and the stories which recalled his village were really very different from the recital of a villager. "In form, each story was a perfect Tanagra. Here the lesson of Italy had really borne fruit, but the lowly material concealed the fact from nearly everyone, including the creator." All of them dealt with the topic "which perennially appealed to him, the outsider who gets inside."

This story of the most engaging of writers, of the one who had the luckiest of careers, but who barely kept at bay the terror of hereditary insanity and the terror of poverty and neglect is admirably told in Signe Toksvig's biography. Its great merit is that it lets us know Andersen as his friends might have known him: he is here in his charm and his tiresomeness, in his innocence and his anxieties, in his vanity (without being self-centred he had a vanity that opened out instead of closing in, a vanity that could become productive).

Signe Toksvig is to be commended for the use she makes of analytical psychology in Andersen's case: she does not press unduly on it, but she is aware of its revelations, and she makes use of them. As I got to know the hero of her biography I became aware that Hans Christian Andersen had a resemblance to two writers whom it seems odd to associate with him—Jean Jacques Rousseau and George Moore. Like both he was a confessionalist: like Rousseau he was greatly influenced by what had happened to him in his childhood; like Moore he conducted his education in public. Perhaps if the Swiss bourgeois or the Irish squire had been brought up in the Danish atmosphere of kindness we would not be oppressed with the wilder persecution fantasies of the one nor the plain malice of the other.

PADRAIC COLUM

THE PATH TO ROME

INSURRECTION *versus* RESURRECTION. By Maisie Ward. (*Sheed and Ward*, pp. 575. 15s.).

Mrs. Sheed's *Insurrection versus Resurrection* is a second volume about the Wards; in the generation of Wilfrid Ward, her biographer father, and Josephine Ward, her novelist mother. Her grandfather was the mathematician philosopher, W. G. Ward, "Ideal" Ward of mid-nineteenth century Oxford, so called from his *Ideal of a Christian Church*, written in a day "joyful" for him, because he saw the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church openly taught in the Church of England. Anglican Oxford had no joy thereat, and promptly deprived this her Fellow of his degrees. This married layman became Professor of Philosophy in a Catholic seminary. As editor of the *Dublin Review* he was an Ultramontane asking for a definition of Papal Infallibility much more sweeping than the quietly modest definition passed by the Church in 1870. W. G. Ward's son, Wilfrid—his father's successor as editor—joined himself, not to his father's Ultramontanism, but to the future Cardinal Newman's "liberalism"; Newman, the father Ward's idol—"was there ever anything like our belief in Newman?" the Oxford Ward used to repeat to his dying day—and the son Ward's hero, whose life he wrote.

In the worlds of Authority *versus* what was called Free Thought; of Conservatism *versus* Democracy; of scientific investigation, and its applications to history, sociology, philosophy, theology, the Wards passed their lives, and influenced, in their degree, higher thinking in England; friend, as W. G. Ward was, not only of Newman and Manning, but of John Stuart Mill, and Huxley, and of Tennyson, who, at Ward's death, wrote his lines on his friendship with:

"Most loyal of Ultramontanes, Ward."

And then Wilfrid Ward, who married into the family of the Dukes of Norfolk, was the thinking friend—shall one term it?—of the future Lord Balfour, of Lord Hugh Cecil (the present Provost of Eton), of Bishop Hedley (the scholar, Benedictine), of the Austrian Baron von Hügel, as of his protégé, the Irish George Tyrrell, whom Ward indeed learned not to trust. And Ward's almost chief admiration for intellectual power seems to have gone to his frequent correspondent, the late Bishop of Limerick, Dr. O'Dwyer, whose six hours' speech, and six hours' giving of evidence at the Commission for Irish University Education (on which Commission Ward sat), was such a display of power as Ward had not seen thus equalled—a "splendid performance." George Wyndham, too, was Wilfrid Ward's compeer about Ireland; not agreeing;

for the Conservative descendant of Lord Edward Fitzgerald felt with Ireland much more than did the English philosophical anti-Home Ruler. (Chapter IV is on "Irish Nationality and G. Wyndham.") But the "Insurrection" is of the generation following the Papal Infallibility 1870 discussions, and Mr. Gladstone's challengings of any Papal Catholic's loyalty to a State. Herr Hitler is Gladstone's total successor to-day. The generation between us and that, was this "Insurrection." Following the heyday of materialistic philosophy (if so it may be called), there was the movement, affecting Catholics, of subjecting matters to more scientific investigation. Matters. What matters? There was the rub. There were many rubs. In education, for instance, should Catholics be made conscious of difficulties, in the philosophy, in the history of religion? And at what stage? And in what spirit? "We must talk the language of the Twentieth, not of the Thirteenth Century," said a Consultor of the Holy Office, Fr. David Fleming, O.F.M.

Still, "Novelty is often error to those who are unprepared for it, from the refraction with which it enters into their conceptions." Endlessly true, those Newman words. And yet again we must try to understand this persecuting world we live in. (v—End of Chapter XVII). Then, Newman allowed: "I simply cannot answer the difficulties"—*homo sum*. Yet there are, or there may be, more difficulties on the other side; and, anyway (as Newman also urged), "Ten thousand difficulties do not make one doubt"—necessarily. Wilfrid Ward, roughly, was on Newman's side, his henchman and his spokesman. And when even Archbishop Ullathorne, Newman's protector—at the time he had sorely needed one—told Newman (as Newman kept urging the needs of the age), that "our laity were a *peaceable* set; the Church was peace. Catholics never had a doubt"; then Ward commented, Newman-wise: "The peace which comes of stifling the normal development of thought . . . was a false peace" (p. 356). The tracks were laid for the race; the arena cleared for a contest. "How much liberty can you have, and yet not have license; how much order can you have, and yet not have tyranny?" When Dr. Johnson said, that that will be a problem till the end of time, doubtless his mind was cleared. For Newman's Apologia, "Catholic Christendom is no simple exhibition of religious absolutism, but presents a continuous picture of Authority and Private Judgment alternately advancing and retreating as the ebb and flow of the tide." So Newman was a middle-man. He often got no thanks from those whose Catholic Education was defective. They thought he suggested difficulties, and disturbed minds, and he was thought "restless or crotchety, or in some way or other what he should not be." (His own words; on p. 357).

"Professor, what *are* their difficulties?" said to me a young priest in America. On the other hand, a priest of another type, Father Hogan, "the great Sulpician" (p. 22), author of *Clerical Studies*, and president of a higher American Seminary, thought that having no difficulties might well mean having no thinking. He was against seminary teaching in Latin—not so, was his fellow-reformer, Bishop Hedley—"The student," argued Fr. Hogan, "commits to memory and recites a form of words, definitions, theses, proofs; he answers objections in the prescribed form, but with only the haziest notion of what it is all about. Ask him to state the same thing in other terms or to put in plain English what he so glibly throws off in Latin, he is powerless to do it. Clearly he knows nothing; and his learning is nothing but words." Bishop Hedley does not blame text books of philosophy polishing off philosophers in a few words. Yet the moment for individual thinking and questioning must come. "Philosophy must be learnt with the will, or it is not learnt at all." Memory of "the right view"; and so, not reason but authority, as the basis

of our philosophical accepting of Theism and revelation—that was the unsatisfactory and insufficient teaching given in Rome, to Wilfrid Ward himself, as he says; when reflecting on his “divinity student” days; for his father had taken for granted he would be a priest.

But Newman and Ward were never modernists. The distinction is drawn by a foremost scholar in England, non-Catholic; who writes, this week, that for him the *Times*’ reviewer of *Insurrection* versus *Resurrection* does not understand “Modernism.” And, certainly, he did review this book, as if he thought Modernism was a nice, general, enlightened, liberal, superficial way of feeling about things philosophically religious. But, as his more scholarly critic accepts the words: “The modernist tried to get rid of the bilge in the Church’s vessel. However (as the authoress of this book pithily puts it), ‘They emptied out the baby with the bath water.’ Were they really only innocently trying to do a little cleaning up? Perhaps some of them thought so; but I am sure that with some of them there was the subconscious wish to empty out the baby too. This is my real objection to G. Tyrrell; and I am equally sure that von Hügel had not the least wish to empty it out. He was muddle-headed, and very likely did not see the logical consequences of his utterances. But to clean up—to reform rather than deform—is what is often needed. And that is not ‘modernism.’ But it may be said to be a part of Newmanism, and of Wilfrid Wardism. And there are haters of such reformers. The future Cardinal Gasquet wrote to Wilfrid Ward, becoming *Dublin Review* editor: “N.B., be very careful at first in your philosophical statements, there are heresy hunters after you. *Verbum sap.*” And, it may be added, that the late Archbishop of Vancouver, Dr. Casey, told the present writer, that he “hoped to see all Newman’s works on the Index.” (Their author had not then been made a cardinal). Newman and Ward might demand unlimited freedom in investigation; recognising many spheres in a man’s life; full conclusions not being drawn, from forcing one sphere’s claims only. Every difficulty to be faced. And so on. (And as the Archbishop of Albi said of extreme reactionaries, “they give an impression of their enmity to research”—as when some French bishops denounced the Christian Antiquities scholar, l’abbé Duchesne, for advancing proofs that St. Mary Magdalen had not landed in Provence—and so (added Archbishop Mignot) “a wave of anger is rising among scholars and thinkers every-where.” To be sure, that is not the whole of the last word; because “knowingness” may be the most disgusting of all (shallow) qualities. And *against* even “Newmanism” may have been many deeply wise, many that were sensitive, (or hypersensitive) to the full needs of men’s souls. And for even modernism, there were many of “the semi-intellectual class” who “accepted difficulties secondhand; which affected their tempers when they did not deeply affect their intellects.” Mrs. Wilfrid Ward’s irony knew them. How well all old folk knew them, half a century since. Maybe they survive. But people with secondhand difficulties are the hardest of all to deal with, said Fr. Tyrrell himself. Harder than the makers-up of secondhand knowledge? Anyway, neither set had felt or thought.

“It is the Resurrection of the Church,” said Newman’s Second Spring sermon. He was a prophet of what Mrs. Sheed sees, the reaction against what was unfruitful in the mere critical spirit, “common, flat, and impoverishing.” Her spirit is alive, thinking more widely on these things, and not forgetting in her thoughts a St. John Bosco, and a St. Jean Vianney, Curé d’Ars, (confessor daily in France to hundreds of the subtle and of the simple); and remembering, above all, Pope Pius X, author of decrees freeing the approach to the altar, though also of his decree *Pascendi* exposing Modernism’s unbelief. Wherein,

truly, the unbelieving world, not less than the believing, have come to be more at one, in seeing that commonsense and reason were on the side of the Pope. (Chapter XIV is on his Encyclical *Pascendi*). Mrs. Sheed rides in with bold strokes on a flowing tide. Nevertheless, not all her sympathetic fellow-passengers are bound, as yet, for the Catholic port.

W. F. P. STOCKLEY

MARITAIN'S LOGIC

AN INTRODUCTION TO LOGIC. By Jacques Maritain. (*Sheed and Ward*. pp. 287. 8s. 6d.).

To those of us who have been brought up in what we might term the English School of Neo-Scholastic Philosophy, a fresh translation of Maritain is a matter of more than passing interest, for Maritain enjoys in the domain of Christian Philosophy a reputation surpassed by none perhaps, since the great St. Thomas himself.

In the book under review, the author has confined himself strictly to Formal or *Minor* Logic—the driest and least interesting of all the departments of Philosophy, but the most important from the point of view of the neophyte, for on his mastery of its many rules and formulae will depend his success as a student of philosophy, and his capacity for clear thinking generally.

From the point of view of matter, Maritain has nothing new to offer, but in the method of presentation and exposition the book is unique. The outstanding virtue of this work is its terseness, for, without sacrificing any of the essential elements of Formal Logic, Maritain has cut out all matter which really belongs to the realms of Metaphysics and Critique, and with which text-books on Logic are often needlessly burthened. In his arrangement of the matter and in the clarity of its exposition, Maritain is here seen at his best, and he has, above all, the happy art of clearing the ground before introducing the theory. For example, before expounding the concept he carefully distinguishes between (a) the mental operation involved; (b) the product of that operation, and (c) the outward sign of that product, with a clarity which can leave the student under no misapprehension. In his exposition of the three divisions of Formal Logic, Maritain is thorough and subtle, and he can always expound the abstruse with a wealth of helpful detail and illustration; yet the effect is seldom laboured. He quotes freely from former and contemporary logicians, and points out the errors into which some of them have fallen.

Much adverse criticism has been levelled against the translators of Maritain, and we often wonder if it is always well to sacrifice fluency and figure of speech to precision of thought, for the happy turn of phrase is often more expressive and brimful of meaning (even in translation) than the most thorough exemplification of it in simpler words. There is no subject in which the *cliché* serves a more useful purpose than in philosophy, but we must remember, that in order to do justice to Maritain in translation, one would need to possess, as well as an excellent knowledge of the French language, a thorough understanding of Scholastic Latin, an academic grounding in Scholasticism, and a wide reading in Neo-Scholastic Philosophy, while, from the point of view of nomenclature, a knowledge of classical Greek would be helpful, but we fear that translators of that calibre are few and far between. We are glad to say, however, that this is the best translation of Maritain which we have read to date.

The book is copiously annotated (both with marginal and footnotes) and well indexed. We heartily recommend it to all interested in a "first-year Logic" course.

MÍCHEÁL Ó GEALLABHÁIN

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

ORIENTATIONS. By Sir Ronald Storrs. (*Ivor Nicholson and Watson*. pp. 611. 21s.).

THE JEWS. By Hilaire Belloc. (*Constable*. pp. 308. 7s. 6d.).

On the authority of Lawrence of Arabia, Sir Ronald Storrs, despite the diversion of his energy in love of music, sculpture, letters and painting, was, as Oriental Secretary of the Residency in Egypt, "the most brilliant Englishman in the Near East." His *Orientations* substantiates Lawrence's tribute to him as a man more than normally gifted with an appreciation of the arts. He writes his autobiography in a style at once engaging and liberally outspoken. There is a polished Rabelaisianism that smacks of the very best manner of the University Union in his story of an encounter in a Cairene restaurant with a *demi-mondaine*:

"My ignorance of life was so complete that I once whispered to my host: 'Is the Comtesse really a Countess?' not realising that the lady understood English, and was dumbfounded when, to the delight of the company, she rose to her feet, and flouncing centrifugally round, afforded me the flashing autopsy of an immense golden coronet embroidered upon the broadest expanse of her lingerie."

There are no Vesuvian denunciations of, or Hymettic hymns to, the great, and not so great men with whom he worked in the Near East—in Egypt, Cyprus, Northern Rhodesia, and Palestine. No Lloyd Georgian or Churchillian revelations mar the urbane elegance and tempered judgment of these annotations of Near Eastern life and problems by this scholarly and aesthetic administrator. His liberalism, which makes him champion Cromer's Home Rule for Egypt policy, never forsakes him, just as Liberalism, despite its failure as a label in English politics, never really ceased to be a potent factor in the English *Weltanschauung*. From the administrator with his well-bred loyalties and supercivil service we cannot expect the fulminations of the vote-currying politician, but we do get an adequate picture of the Egypt of the British Agency period, not only as seen by an underpaid official, but as seen by the Khedive and the man in the bazaar. With his knowledge of Arabic he moved around with a comprehending ear, whilst his colleagues kept theirs to the ground for rumours and noises of war.

As Governor of Jerusalem he managed to make himself disliked by both Arabs and Jews because of a strict impartiality. The harassed Governor's reactions are characteristic:

"Two hours' of Arab grievances drive me into the Synagogue, while after an intensive course of Zionist propaganda I am prepared to embrace Islam."

The Jews insisted that the British mandate implied partial treatment in their favour, but the unique situation created by promises from Westminster of a Jewish National Home in Palestine was only slowly and grudgingly implemented by the British officials on the spot. Arab riots were encouraged by official indifference. This Sir Ronald Storrs denies. He insists that Arab national consciousness was underrated by both the British Government and the Jews. Actually, however, there was no official reflection in Palestine of the biblical zeal in Parliament to restore Judaea to Israel. If this zeal could possibly have been effectively communicated there was none more receptive than Sir Ronald Storrs, who understands and sympathises with Zionist aims, and in whose book will be found an excellent summary of Zionism and well-drawn characterisations of the leaders of the movement.

Sir Ronald Storrs asserts that the average Englishman knows nothing

about Jews, and he proceeds to interpret them with understanding. Hilaire Belloc, in a re-issue of *The Jews*, also wishes to repair this ignorance. He has neither the experience of the former nor his political insight into a problem which cannot be settled by a polite bow to prejudice. Mr. Belloc, in a new, long introduction, invokes the Spanish Civil War and Soviet Russia as part of a world Jewish conspiracy to overthrow the existing order, and blames Britain for her disastrous effort to solve the Jewish question by her adventure in Palestine. He disapproves of Hitler's way with non-Aryans as being too hurried and too drastic, but his own solution leads to segregation and separate legislation, and seems but a prelude to a pogrom.

A. J. LEVENTHAL

THE GREAT GOD

MONETARY NATIONALISM AND INTERNATIONAL STABILITY. By F. A. von Hayek. (*Longmans*. pp. 94. 5s.).

This little volume consists of five lectures delivered by Professor von Hayek to the Institut Universitaire de Hautes Etudes Internationales, in Geneva. Geneva, city of International Institutes and international institutions, such as the League of Nations, thrives in the powerful penumbra of that super-temple of Mammon, the Bank for International Settlements. *Passons*.

Professor von Hayek is a brilliant academic economist. A brilliant academic economist is a high priest of Mammon; what he does not know about the doctrines and ritual of this mighty god is not worth knowing. Devotees of this religion, therefore, will read every word of these lectures with approval—even the schismatics. For these latter, while disagreeing with each other on matters of ritual, such as Monetary Nationalism or Internationalism, Capital Movements, Currencies and Gold Reserves, are all firmly united with the faithful when it comes to belief in the inevitability of the Financial Law.

Academic economists, expert in the "behaviour" of money, analyse with amazing subtlety the variable "problems" resulting from financial operations, in the manner of astronomers describing the antics of heavenly bodies. But, while astronomers *are* dealing with systems over which they have no control, economists, who should know better, continue to deal with international finance as if it were the unalterable decree of some mysterious god.

Reading on, eager to discover what effects, if any, the Stability of International Finance might have on those inhabitants of this globe, who (like myself) have no money at all, I came across the following:—A country's claim to a share in the *world's income* . . . is based . . . on the goods and/or services . . . it produces. So there is a world income! Who pays the world this income? How much is it? And is it fixed or variable? And, as to our shares in it—according to our production. Quite simple. But, as any expert will tell you, the world is suffering from "over-production." This is easily remedied by sacking half the working population of every country. But what about these millions of unemployed? They are "playing the game according to the rules (whether they want to or not). But what is *their* "claim" to a share in the *world's income*?

Perhaps there are people left who believe that there is a tangible world income, proceeding mysteriously from the god Mammon. That it is a real, fixed, thing that could be collected, or even counted, and perhaps distributed. But it is far more generally realised that this world income is a purely man-made abstraction, which can be "increased" or "decreased" at will, and with which towering superstructures of various kinds of moneys, credits, "near-moneys," overdrafts, etc., can be built up, or as suddenly demolished, as

occasion (*i.e.*, profit) demands. As the men who control the world's income have no other thought besides immediate personal gain, their reckless handling of this life-blood of the nations, inevitably results in periodic slumps and booms, "over-production" (in the midst of starvation) and all the rest of the nonsense which wise economists diagnose as the "operation of the immutable laws of Finance" : *i.e.*, the will of Mammon, which must not be questioned.

There are two ways of looking at things. The "orthodox" economists, in a hungry world, point out that a good harvest is a misfortune, that "superfluous" coffee is best burned, that factories should lie idle, and men waste away, in order that mankind and nature may conform to the "immutable" laws of money-lords. The others believe that money is for the use of man ; that if under the present "system" mankind is distressed, then the "system" must conform to man, not man to the "system." They believe that this is the only deduction and conclusion that Christian teaching permits. Two ways, two doctrines God and Mammon. We have been told we cannot serve both.

Carried away, as usual, I have attacked a school of thought instead of reviewing Professor von Hayek, who does not concern himself with these things at all. Nevertheless, he does accept the present financial system, his aim being to lessen the friction of International Financial operations, with the presumable object of keeping the machine going. I, on the other hand, sincerely hope and pray that the friction will go on increasing until the whole apparatus seizes-up, and blows itself to smithereens. So I can scarcely call myself impartial.

To those who are, I recommend this book, apologising for the fact that my convictions prevent me from analysing it with the care it deserves. Although highly technical, and necessarily condensed, it conveys the author's arguments for Monetary Internationalism, both clearly and forcibly.

Cecil French Salkeld

THE IRISH SHELF

A NOT-SO SOUNDING CATARACT

AN IRISHMAN'S ENGLAND. By J. S. Collis. (*Cassell*. 7s. 6d.).

Irish and English life are very much more alike than French or German or Spanish or Italian and English life. Hence, it may be, the Irishman, made sensitive to subtler differences, is best equipped to criticise the English scene. For ten years now Mr. J. S. Collis has been doing it, and doing it with vigour, with wit, and, on the whole, with wisdom. The present volume, however, is a heavy disappointment. In it there is much that is valuable—on the Machine Age, on commercialism, on class distinctions (though some of the best points have already been made—and made much better—in *The Sounding Cataract*) ; but there is much else that is commonplace—on the Englishman's ethical bent, his joylessness, his amenableness to the law, his love of progress by gradualness. In the main, Mr. Collins is here a frank encomiast writing in praise of London, of the English countryside, of the English gentleman, his public schools and sport. His book is not an objective treatise putting forward a thesis, but a collection of personal impressions and prejudices set down with no great regard for consistency ; and the trouble is that this mingling of the prejudicial and the judicial is so disturbing to the reader that he is often left wondering whether Mr. Collis has said anything very vital after all. Thus he notes, during the General Strike, "the mildness of the under-dogs, the potential ferocity of the over-dogs, and the calmness of the general public" ; yet when he comes to enumerate the advantages of the public school spirit, which presumably has

helped to form the potentially ferocious over-dogs, he claims it as "the best bulwark England has against the unholy trinity of Militarism, Fascism and Anti-Semitic Bullying."

Mr. Collis has always betrayed a tendency to let his stylistic exuberance run away with him, and it must be noted with sorrow that in the earlier part of this book there is much tawdry writing. In the more properly critical passages, however, the style becomes very much crisper, and in the admirable concluding chapter on "England and Culture" Mr. Collis is writing at his best.

FITZROY PYLE

THE RESURRECTION OF WALES

WELSH NATIONALISM: WHAT IT STANDS FOR. By Professor J. E. Daniel. (London: Foyle's Welsh Co., Ltd. 61 pp. 1s.).

Welsh Nationalism: What it stands for, a booklet of some sixty pages, is popular both in style and in the treatment of its subject. The Welsh Nationalism referred to in the title is co-extensive with the programme of the Welsh Nationalist Party, of which Professor Daniel is acting president. Anxious to be rid of the charge that the Party is concerned only with cultural problems, Professor Daniel decided to give over the greater part of his space to an examination of Welsh economics. He does, however, prefix a couple of chapters in which he traces the steps by which Wales has come to its present plight. First, there was the loss of political liberty after the failure of Owain Glyndwr; then the suppression under the Tudors of the native social system and the attempted destruction of the language; and, finally, within the last hundred years, the coming of the industrial revolution.

That revolution has turned a people who before were nine-tenths farmers into a community where now only one in thirteen works on the land. Without knowing it, Wales was caught in the toils of large-unit English capitalism, and, with states to-day supplying their own needs, she finds herself almost strangled to death. The damage to the nation would not have been so great had the change come about with Welsh capital under the direction of Welshmen.

The Welsh Nationalist Party is clear-sighted enough to see what must be done. "As Wales has been ruined from without, so it can only be restored from within." With this as a guiding principle, it is realised that Wales must go back to a system in which the family is recognised as the basic unit of society, and in which the townsmen's goods are exchanged for food from the farms. Only thus, says Professor Daniel, can Wales be rescued from poverty and hunger.

Insisting that language and politics have no meaning apart from life, the Professor rightly argues that Wales, besides being economically free, must in addition re-establish her language and throw off the political bonds that bind her to England. In politics, however, he, and indeed the Welsh Nationalist Party also, are satisfied with a compromise. They ask only for the status of British Dominion and not for the independence of a free country.

Professor Daniel's booklet will be read with keen interest in Ireland, though some, perhaps, will note with surprise that it was both printed and published in England.

C. Ua D.

POETRY AND DRAMA

THE HERNE'S EGG. By W. B. Yeats. (*Macmillan*. 73 pp. 5s.).

One always looks forward to Yeats' latest. He still retains the old flair for experiment, for adventures in shadowy waters, and in this quality is still unique, at least in quantity of output, amongst Irish and English playwrights. He is the most unorthodox of playwrights, yet adheres strictly to a certain canon of symbolism and stage atmosphere all his own. Both his characteristic rhythms and the ever-present earthiness of his folklore beginnings help to provide this peculiar atmosphere of vivid dreaming. This latest play retains all the old skill in verse, yet but little of that magical incantation that he has so superbly achieved at times. There is much originality, real skill in elaborating plot and exploiting its possibilities of effect, and some few flashes of the old fire—but all this provides little result beyond a rather surprisingly materialist comedy and some lines of genuine humour. In short, it is a rather bawdy satire on militarism obscured by some futile mysticism, both very reminiscent indeed of Buddhist folklore. Moreover, one would doubt the value of staging this "stage play," which runs one hour and requires 5 settings, if it were not for the acting problem presented by Mike, who speaks in Basic Telegraphese—generally just one word; the miming technique for actions and the explanatory speeches, both similar in effect to Chinese drama and, lastly, the really dramatic effectiveness of these two lines—when King Congal (the militarist), despoiler of the Great Herne's nest and, therefore, doomed to be killed by a Fool on a mountain top, cries out to the Fool as he prepares to commit suicide—“(almost screaming in excitement):

Fool! Am I myself a Fool?

For if I am a Fool, he wins the bout.”

He dies and is doomed to be born again as a donkey and militarism gets a laughing farewell—

“All that trouble and nothing to show for it,

Nothing but just another donkey.”

The same could almost be said of the play itself.

SEÁN Ó MEÁDHRA

NEW DUBLIN POETRY

... THE ENGINE IS LEFT RUNNING. By Blanaid Salkeld. (Dublin: *The Gayfield Press*. pp. 71. Ill. 5s., 7s. 6d.).

This is the poetry of a mind awake to the movement of life, on which the phenomena of every day, postman, breakfast-cup, newspaper paragraph, radio bulletin, snail-shell and daffodil impinge with a vividness as though each were the first of its kind. There is no mount of vision, no easy afflatus that soars and, from a numbing distance, solves. But there is courage, humour, keen observation, kindly satire and a verbal asceticism that makes this poetry none the less valuable. It is so indubitably alive that it is modern, but not with the fashionable encyclopediac modernism of the erudite English school. It is modern, that is alive, in that bewilderment that comes of the world, and what a world, being too much with us. But I doubt if the poet has any regrets about that. If I were looking for a subtitle I should choose her line:

Life is not easy to believe.

The self-questioning in *Attempt at Commencing* seems to hear answer such as Hermes Trismegistus found in Alexandria, and Origen may have played with. I can hear the voices of the old doctors echoing in response to phrases like:

Mind sin is slyer than the old beast.

And yet she is no mere secular humanist :

For life, song, flight, it is right and quite in order

That the blackbird muddies his bright beak and commits murder.

This is the kind of poetry that can, and even needs must, be read many times, which sells itself dearly to the reader but is well worth the price. It abounds in the combined vividness of both image and idea, the very stuff of epigram. But occasionally she makes the going hard for her reader, much as Browning did. Sometimes the verse gives the effect of rapid, if incisive, note-taking ; thoughts vanish half said, crowded out by the throng behind. As she says herself, and I think it applies here :

*. . . it is but stone stuff, till the movement
of builders, and the strict creative sound.*

The book contains four pleasant drawings by Cecil French Salkeld, that admirably subdue themselves to the text.

EDWARD SHEEHY

DRAMATIC TIME

TWO TIME PLAYS. By J. B. Priestley. (*Heinemann*. pp. 221 + xiii. 16 illus. 8s. 6d.).

The sequence of action in these, Priestley's latest plays—*Time and the Conways* and *I Have Been Here Before*, depends on the idea that the whole of one's existence may exist simultaneously, like a wall along a path on which one walks. As one walks along, different sections of the wall are seen and, if one cannot see ahead and can only remember what is behind, this is a fairly accurate picture of existence as we gradually come to know it. Priestley derives this notion from Dunne's and Ouspensky's theories of time and, while no one is asked to believe in it, he has elaborated two fine plays on the theme that one *might* jump forward, as it were, and *see* what is coming years later. In the Conway play, Act 2 presents what Kay Conway, in 1918, saw happening 19 years later when she was 40, and Act 3, a "flashback" from this "flash-forward," shows her confused efforts to remember this "dream," and so prevent dimly felt tragedy. Moreover, this "flashforward" not only is poignant in its revelations of wasted lives, but is dramatically effective in so colouring otherwise ordinary lines in Act 3 as to sustain this poignancy to the end with the least effort from writer and players. "The poetry is in the pity," and the audience supplies both. In the second play this theme is developed into active intervention by the seer to prevent what he sees happening some years later ; he explains the possibility of change from the foreseen by suggesting a sideways swing out to a new path, parallel and slightly different to the old. It is a fascinating idea to play with and its dramatic possibilities are enormous. Priestley has exploited them very deftly, so that one readily accepts the situation presented and follows the logic of action clearly.

But Priestley's great gift is not mere tricks of plot, which, in the long run, is what these ideas amount to, but his power of creating loveable characters and his tolerant humour tempered with commonsense. I have rarely "fallen for" a character as I have for Carol Conway, and the wrench experienced on merely reading a casual reference to her death was a tribute to the writer's skill. In the second play, every character is so vividly handled as to arouse instant sympathy ; the time theme is really subordinate here to the characterisation, for the author's aim was a "modern Everyman," showing the exasperated futility of a typical post-war Englishman in his hero, Ormund, and providing in the seer, Dr. Görtler, a new Knowledge to "be his guide in

his most need." As one might expect, the salvation is somewhat sentimental, and the general philosophy rather thin; but Ormund and Julia are wonderfully alive and their struggles are as exciting as they are moving. In his introduction, the author claims that the theatre is not the place for ideas but for feeling—certainly he knows how to make his audience feel and how to play on suspense. These plays are as easy to read as ordinary novels, owing to excellent "stills" from the London productions and concise yet telling stage directions, that serve to round out the actual lines.

S. Ó M.

FICTION AND BIOGRAPHY

SHELLEY IN DUBLIN

THE MOTH AND THE STAR: A SURMISE. By J. H. Pollock. (Talbot Press. 7s. 6d.).

Amelia, daughter of John Philpot Curran, is the moth and Shelley the star. The story opens with Shelley's visit to Dublin, armed with enthusiasm for liberty and a pamphlet on the Irish question. The tragic girl-wife, Harriett, is with him. He meets Amelia and John Philpot, now Master of the Rolls. Amelia loves him secretly, fearful of the young Dionysius. He is drawn to her whose spirit wilts in the shadow of her father, and the shadow cast by that gallows on which they hanged Emmet, her sister's beloved, whom her father would not move to save. Shelley is a spiritual intoxication and, perhaps, not less a physical lodestone to this gentle "romantic" girl.

Dr. Pollock has painted a convincing picture of contemporary Dublin, betraying a natural flair for a most suitable mixture of the macabre and the sentimental. The characters of Curran and Dr. MacLise, the anatomist, are well drawn. Later, Amelia meets Shelley in Rome. Harriett is now dead. The lodestone is still powerful, but Amelia resists. The kernel of the story is contained in a quotation from the hitherto unpublished sermon, preached by Cardinal Newman in Rome in 1847, at the Requiem Mass for Amelia Curran.

"Thou hast made us for thyself, O God, and our hearts are restless till they repose in thee.—(St. Augustine). She may have sought in the beauty of the creature the greater beauty of the Great Creator. God saw fit to render the lesser beauty bitter to her taste, in order to prepare the appetite of her soul for Himself."

Shelley is always the poet, never for a moment the man. He is the ethereal boy, who finds an aerial refuge from the personal tragedies for which he is responsible. The author has caught his spirit well. In the acknowledged atheist he sees a mystic, the pilgrim of eternity, whose seeking goes astray because he does not recognise that fundamental of Christian philosophy: the imperfectability of man while he retains human nature. Was it not Canon Sheehan who saw Shelley very near to God? To Dr. Pollock, too, he travels the same road as the mystics, as all artists who look for truth—*Itinerarium mentis ad Deum*.

The book abounds in poetised descriptive passages, and the style, though harmonising with that of the period, is somewhat stilted. The structure is sufficiently near to that of the novel to make the abundance of "fortunate incidents" lend an air of improbability. These are faults which, to my mind, mar a work done conscientiously and with love. Dr. Pollock has much in common with that gracious age of *sensibilité*.

CATRIONA MCLEOD

FORTY-FIVE AND POINT FORTY-FIVE

COMMANDER OF THE MISTS. By D. L. MURRAY. (*Hodder and Stoughton*. 8s. 6d.).

BLOODY MURDER. By S. C. Mason. (*Bell*. 7s. 6d.).

Although an Irish regiment fought under Montrose, the '45 has never meant much to us in Ireland. It may be that we were busy enough at home or tired of backing lost causes. At any rate, the numeral "45" has for us no magic whatever—it is either a game of cards or a Smith and Weston.

Readers of D. L. Murray's previous novel, *Regency*, will find nothing new or disturbing in *Commander of the Mists*—it has the same virtues and the same limitations as the earlier book. It is a long, unhurried story of Prince Charles Edward's abortive attempt; the main protagonists of the narrative—apart from the royal hero—are the Maceachan's, Lairds of Glenmarisdale. Darthula Maceachan is, of course, young and pretty, with a wilful heart and a quick temper. She likes lonely walks and pony rides and, miraculously, in the course of one of these excursions she meets Bonnie Prince Charlie, travelling incognito and playing a fiddle—for all the world like Doctor Starkie. From that point the story moves to its climax through lots of mist, melancholy and romance.

Indeed, Mr. Murray's leisurely and rather mannered prose is such an appropriate medium that it induces a pleasant sort of drowsiness, a complete suspension of the historical sense. That, in itself, is quite a feat, and will ensure success for the book. As a novel it is of no interest, and as a historical reconstruction it is less convincing than Maurice Walsh's novel dealing with the same episode.

Mr. Mason brings us a lot nearer home and even further from the truth. A realist in method, he has written a story of the '45 period in Ireland, which can only be described as an objective and unconsciously farcical fantasy. Imagine a Black and Tan saying to an Intelligence Officer:

"Public School spirit—playing the game and all that! What's the use of it here? You aren't even fighting a blasted war. You're smoking a murderous lot of gunmen out of their holes."

Imagine a British Colonel ordering the garrison to hold a cross-country race in County Cork at the height of the war! Imagine an Intelligence Officer (such as Charles Ingram in this story), known as a British spy, being able to get information in an Irish provincial town without any attempt at disguise. There are many other things in this book to strain the reader's credulity, notably Mr. Mason's attempt at an atrocity story. There is no record of hatchets being used on the survivors of an ambush by the I.R.A. Anyway, there wouldn't have been any survivors in a Cork ambush around that time.

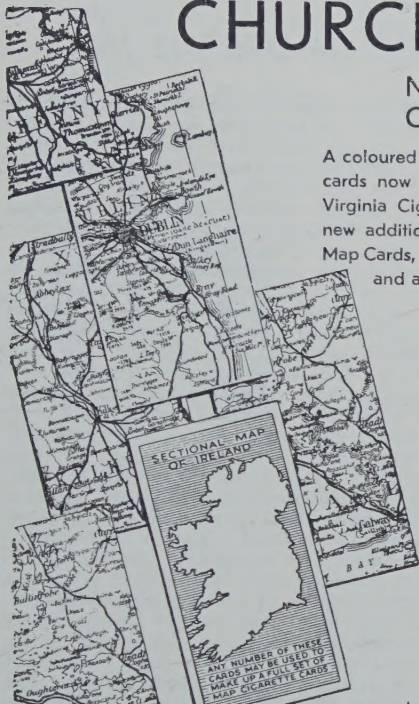
Bloody Murder is probably the worst novel yet written about the Anglo-Irish war, and that's a hard saying. It is a fairy-tale about Britishers, who were all sporting, jolly, decent and tolerant, trying to rule a country infested by a lot of gunmen, who were dirty and didn't even have proper uniforms. But it will make consoling reading for clubmen at a time when Britishers are being manhandled by yellow trash in Shanghai.

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A HUMANE PSYCHOLOGY OF EDUCATION. By Jaime Castello, S.J. (Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d.).

THE MONTH IN RETROSPECT. (16 DEC.—15 JAN.)

NEW Constitution for Ireland came into force 29th December; church services and official celebrations; special postage stamp and cancellation; in broadcast the Taoiseach (Mr. de Valera) spoke of "the public law of a great Christian democracy" and "a new life of peaceful progress"; statement by British Government that constitution was not regarded as affecting existing relations or the territory of the Six Counties. Taoiseach and three ministers left for conference in London with Prime Minister and colleagues on outstanding questions of annuities, trade relations and partition; Six County parliament immediately dissolved and general election ordered for 9th February. Preparations for new Senate elections; county council nominations by agreement in many cases. Committee on Oireachtas allowances recommended £30 a month (as at present) for deputies, and £20 (previously £30) for senators. Controversy on prison conditions followed release of political prisoners. Conference of British and Six-County Labour parties recommended joint action in elections. Principal of Waterford Institute replying to local criticism, said Irish had brought new life to schools. Protests by Liverpool Irish societies against allegations of immorality of Irish immigrants. Farmers meeting in Rathdrum "to counteract propaganda by Farmers Federation." Mgr. Joseph Walsh appointed Auxiliary Bishop for Tuam. Vladimir Jabotinsky, Zionist organiser visiting Ireland, received by Nuncio and Taoiseach.

Act passed to increase unemployment allowances owing to rise in cost of living. Revenue during nine months ended 31st December, was £20,202,000; and expenditure, £22,495,000. Dublin Corporation announced £7,000,000 scheme for 12,000 working-class houses. Government refused Garda deputation on claim for restoration of pay reduction, and ordered Representative Body to dis-assemble; small allowance restored. Rail workers union recognised by company after long negotiation and strikers reinstated. Michael Quill, late of Kerry, President of American Transport Union, visited Ireland and addressed labour meetings. Dublin Trades' Council requested Congress to boycott Japanese goods. Extensive traffic bye-laws for drivers and pedestrians came into force in Dublin. Suggestion for setting up of representative Educational Advisory Committee supported by Bishop of Achonry. £26,000 national school opened in Carlow. Dublin Rotary discussed contributory pension schemes for employees. Agricultural Credit Corporation advanced loans of £250,000 in 1937, as compared with £65,000 in 1936. Radio licences in 1937 were 112,000, 33,000 more than in 1935. Dublin Hospitals Fund reported distribution of £250,000 in 60 years. Donegal D.J. stated whole Dance Hall legislation was failure. Clare councillor resigned because of "appalling legal charges" on sites for cottages. 27 motor cars reported missing in two days in Dublin. Belfast workman shot by unknown men.

Coal agreement with Great Britain continued for 1938. Land for state afforestation increased from 49,000 acres in 1932 to 103,000 acres in 1937. In Dail debate minister attributed high price of bread to wages and small labour output; union replied that cause was high price of flour and less mechanisation. Work on Poulaphouca water and electricity supply scheme began. Annual Cow-Testing Congress in Thurles. 25,000 Ford cars built at Cork since 1932. Stated at Motor Traders' dinner that 13,000 cars were sold last year. Goldsmiths' Corporation celebrated tri-centenary of Assay Office.

Rádio symphony concert conducted by Constant Lambert. Encouraging progress reported by Dublin Operatic Society. Galway Taibhdhearc produced pantomime in Irish. 13 Entries for Government prize of £150 for original novel in Irish. Among lectures were those by Helen Simpson to Dublin P.E.N. Club on Women Writers; G. C. Stacpoole on the Rigsthula Saga at London University College; John Woods to R.D.S. on Humour in Art; Rev. John Robinson in Christ Church Cathedral on its history; and Rev. E. Canavan to Social Inquiry Society on Slum Clearance. Important tomb slab found at Clonmacnoise. Reported that amongs mistakes of dismissed Soviet film producers was introduction of Irish revolutionaries into "Treasure Island."

Died: Tomás Ó Maille, Irish Professor and Author. Miss Kate Breen, Kerry nationalist and civic worker. Bro. Patrick Hennessy, former Christian Brothers' Superior-General. Canon John Murphy, Cork priest and civic worker. Edward Magennis, well-known physician. Henry Morrow ("Gerald Mac Mamara"), playwright and actor. Mrs. Humphries ("Rita"), author.

DENIS BARRY